

JOHN BULL

Vol. XI. No. 280

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1911.

ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of
this No. see
Page II. of cover.



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Terrible
Disclosures.

**Barnardo
Girls
IN
Canada.**

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WEEK'S



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Louis design mahogany bedroom suite, 28 guineas; 6 ft. walnut bedroom suite, 40 guineas; 7 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with bow front to wardrobe, 60 guineas; 7 ft. satinwood bedroom suite, 10 guineas; several inlaid chests, from 50s.; 6 ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 6 ft. 6 in. mahogany wardrobe, fitted drawers and trays, 12 guineas; several iron bedsteads, from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, 10s.; full size black and brass bedsteads, with wire springs, 21s.; 9 oak bedsteads, 15s.; pair brass twin bedsteads, 5 guineas; pair white and brass twin bedsteads, 3 guineas; inlaid Sheraton bedstead, including wire spring mattress, £3 15s.; full size all brass bedstead, 60s.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, £2 19s. 6d.; full size all brass square tube Italian bedstead, 8 guineas, and several others up to 18 guineas. The Dining Room furniture comprises fumed oak dining room suite, consisting of large size sideboard, 6 chairs, 2 carving chairs, overmantel, dining table, rug, etc., will accept £13 7s. 6d. the lot; most massive carved oak Elizabethan design dining room set, consisting of sideboard with bevelled plate glass back, oxydised copper fittings, fitted cellarette, 6 massive carved oak chairs, and 2 carving chairs to match, dining table, 16 guineas the set; a similar set, with large sideboard and 2 lounge easy chairs, upholstered in red leather, 25 guineas; magnificent oak dining room suite, £8 15s.; oak suite, in green pegamoid, £3 19s. 6d.; sideboard to match, 4 guineas; overmantel, 30s.; Queen Anne design dining room suite, £5 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 15s.; dining table, £2 15s.; handsome Queen Anne design mahogany dining room set, upholstered in red leather, £7 19s. 6d. dining table to match, 4 guineas; Chippendale design set of chairs, ball and claw feet, exquisite design, 12 guineas; oak, walnut and mahogany sideboards, large variety in stock, from £4 10s. to 40 guineas; about 50 odd dining room chairs; 20 dining tables, from 21s.; oak bureau, 21s.; pedestal writing tables; roll top desks, all sizes; revolving bookcases; a most superb Chesterfield, and 2 large club easy chairs to match in green leather, £15 10s.; mahogany secretaire bookcase, enclosed by 2 glass doors, cupboards under, 8 guineas. The Drawing Room furniture comprises very fine drawing room suite, upholstered in art tapestry, £3 10s.; another design suite, £3 10s.; satinwood finish drawing room suite, 7 guineas; an elegant design Louis XIV. gilt drawing room suite, £19 10s.; another set, similar design, 14 guineas; Chesterfield drawing room suite, with 2 large lounge easy chairs, and 4 solid mahogany chairs, most exquisite design, £12 19s. 6d.; large size double sprung Chesterfield and 2 large easy chairs to match, covered in silk tapestry, 23 guineas; set of Dutch Marquetry chairs, 14 guineas; handsome design Vernis Marten cabinet, 16 guineas; another, 12 guineas; Buld cabinet, 11 guineas; another, 14 guineas; table en suite, 8 guineas; Chesterfields, from £3 10s. to 10 guineas; Chippendale design cabinet, £2 19s. 6d.; similar one, £5 15s.; Sheraton design cabinet, £3 15s.; Sheraton design specimen table, 50s.; occasional tables, from 12s. 6d.; occasional chairs, 50 in stock, from 6s. 6d.; 2 white enamel over-mantels, 18s. 6d. and 27s. 6d.; oval gilt table, 10 guineas; pair 9-light candelabra, 6 guineas; 5-light candelabra, 10 guineas; clock in ormolu case, £8 15s.; piano, 8 guineas; an upright piano, iron frame, £12 15s.; ditto, by Carl Strauss, 20 guineas; and several others in stock up to 40 guineas; grand pianos by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, etc. Large stock of carpets, Tapestry, Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from 18s. 6d.; a large variety of Axminster and Wilton carpets, always in stock, from £2 15s. 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The following claims have been received for our issues of July 29th and August 26th:—

T. RIDER, General Delivery, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. No. 611,157. July 29th.

T. DAVIS, 30, Clarence Place, Gravesend, Kent. No. 419,720. August 26th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 16th:—

4147	209452	390254	596890	748473
27874	221051	424805	613728	753901
60894	232226	433808	645941	765441
85921	238832	474811	657142	765789
102396	252205	502116	665640	776195
143713	268293	503955	688827	814803
150593	275202	543025	702384	827031
159692	317177	556481	710788	834070
174600	331030	566504	722027	853045
196890	372437	575086	728431	854689

INITIAL NUMBERS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECORDED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 11TH (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 9TH).

The John Bull League.

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The General Secretary.

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send me a Membership Badge, for which I
enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

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Saturday, October 14th, 1911.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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TO READERS ABROAD.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

THE LEAGUE DAY.

The elements conspired with the Party hosts to spoil our day at the Palace. But to no purpose. John Bull Leaguers are not fair-weather folk, and the meeting in the Centre Transept was a revelation to most people. A pouring wet night—and, 18,500 present! Next year we must have the Agricultural Hall.

NORTH TYRONE.

The return of Mr. T. W. Russell brings back to the Treasury Bench another tub-thumping rant of the Cold Water School.

GOOD NEWS.

We understand that the Rev. F. B. Meyer has withdrawn from publication his "Letter to a Boy, 12 to 14." Why?—unless he knows that our description of it was justified. We are still awaiting the decision of the Home Office as to setting the Public Prosecutor in motion.

"MOUNT EDGCUMBE" REFORMATORY SHIP.

We also await the action of the Home Office in regard to this matter. There is no time to be lost. Boys capable of giving evidence in support of our charges are being terrorised and tampered with, and unless immediate action is taken, it will be the Akbar business over again. The first step should be the suspension of the Captain of the ship, pending the enquiry.

THE CURSE OF PARTY.

Speaking of Reformatories, we would direct the serious attentions of our readers to the grave revelations, on another page of this issue, respecting the dishonest votes given by Labour M.P.'s on the Akbar scandal, under the coercion of their Whips. It is a ghastly story.

HARDIE AND THE WHITE MAN.

"I want to stop all prize-fighting," says Keir Hardie, "but I am not going to be a party to this colour prejudice in order to bolster up a fictitious superiority of the white race." What a Leader of British workers!

THE KING AND THE DURBAR.

We have good reason to believe that our appeal to the King to abandon the proposed visit to India is receiving the personal and not altogether unsympathetic consideration of His Majesty.

MR. CHURCHILL'S SLIP.

The Home Secretary does not often give his opponents a chance, but surely he was wandering a little when he told his Dundee audience that he would drop the Sunday clauses of the Shops Bill "if satisfied that there was a unanimous demand to that effect by those who are opposed to Sunday trading." Is this Government of the People by the People?

"DIDN'T KNOW NOTHING."

One of the funniest items of news from the front is that the Turkish Fleet has arrived safely in the Dardanelles on its way home from the Levant; "it did not know that war had been declared." We wonder whether the authorities also forgot to tell the Turkish Army.

THE PREVARICATING "PRU."

Our readers will remember that in our article last week exposing the Prudential Company's trick in regard to Mr. Bottomley's action against them, we stated that the inference which it was intended that the public should draw from the Company themselves settling the action down for trial was that they were anxious, at the earliest possible moment, to vindicate themselves from the grave charges which we have formulated, and are still preferring against them. That some such deception was intended—and succeeded—is fully borne out by the newspaper cuttings which have reached us, many of them having introduced their announcement by a reference to our articles attacking the "Prudential." Some journals, however, were even so far hoodwinked as to head their paragraphs: "Prudential v. Bottomley," "Writ Against Mr. Bottomley," "Libel Action Against Bottomley," "Mr. Bottomley: Prudential Assurance Company Brings an Action for Libel"!! Up to the time of going to press no writ has been served in respect of our charges of fraud and irregularities in the Industrial Branch of the Prudential's business.

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

If the European Concert were a combination of instrumentalists assembled for the purpose of making a harmony instead of a combination for making a row, such iniquitous landgrabbing as that of Italy in Turkey would be impossible. It is wickeder than our own war in the Transvaal, and that is saying a lot. A poor devil with an empty stomach steals an egg and gets a month; a lad steals a penn'orth of coal and is sentenced to a birching and five years in a reformatory; England steals the Transvaal and Orange Free State and gets £250,000,000 on the wrong side of the ledger; France and Spain steal Morocco between them and get a German warship at Agadir; Germany threatens to steal Agadir and the Sus and gets a lump of the French Congo; Austria steals Bosnia and gets forgiven; Russia is presently going to steal something and will get the Tsar's blessing; and if Montenegro, Macedonia, Albania, and Bulgaria don't try to steal each other and get a gory welter it will probably be because in these days prophecy is a lost art. 'Pon our word, things are becoming so morally depressing that we should not even be surprised if Jack Johnson stole Great Britain and kidnapped Mr. Justice Lush.

A HORRIBLE TIME.

On the top of all this, the Royalists are plotting to steal the Portuguese Republic, the Spanish Republicans threaten to steal King Alfonso's crown, the price of coal is going up, farthings' worths of milk have been utterly abolished in Battersea (the Land o' Burns), meat will soon be too dear to eat, everybody has got either cough, cold or chilblains, and altogether we are living in a horrible time. A correspondent writes to ask, "What is the world coming to?" To be candid, we don't know everything; but if he refers to the theologians they will probably tell him it is going to blazes. As a matter of fact, it is alleged there are seven comets in the heavens already; but it is only fair to state that we have not counted them.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN RAILWAY NATIONALISATION.

The ineptitude of our railway systems of management, and the need for drastic steps to re-organise and use them for the benefit of the public and the business of the Kingdom, have been further demonstrated by the results of railway nationalisation in poor, impoverished India. Some 33,000 miles of Government-owned railways are operating in India, and the charge is one-fifth of a penny per mile for passengers, and under one halfpenny per ton per mile for goods; yet, even at these rates, the Government made a profit last year of over two millions. As usual, the Lord Claud Hamiltons of the Indian railways proved that if run by the Government they would be a costly failure. How much longer will the United Kingdom allow the railway companies to strangle agricultural and other industries, sweat and drive railway employes to revolt, and leave us open to all the evils of a national strike of transport workers, necessitating soldiery, shootings, and a semi-civil war? Oh, for that Business Government.

FROM BISHOP TO CANON.

No doubt it has always been a mystery to Dr. Boyd Carpenter and his friends why he has never got any higher in the ecclesiastical hierarchy than the Bishopric of Ripon. As we write, we read of his appointment as a Canon of Westminster; it may even be that the canonry was offered to him on condition that he retired. His lordship was once described by somebody as a little man with a large family. The large family, however, is now more or less off his hands, but he is still a most inspiring advocate of the propagation of the species. As a canon of Westminster he will find the work light and the salary beyond criticism.

STAGE MANAGED TREASON IN ULSTER.

A correspondent writes:—"I hope Sir Edward Carson is not really taking his election as 'King of Ulster' seriously, but as he knows very little of that part of Ireland, and has lived many years in England without losing his fiery Irish temperament, I would not be surprised if the 'Ulster supers' had really made him believe they were a mighty force and in deadly earnest. I know them, and their tricks, and their manners. When they lured Mr. Balfour to see their monster procession passing before him as proof of their detestation of Home Rule in Mr. Gladstone's time, they were in fours marching past for six hours, and their vast numbers made a deep impression, but only on those not in the know. The truth is, they marched past and, by a circular route, again and again marched past, Mr. Balfour—a super army—and I never saw such a superb display of Irish humbug in my life. I hope Sir Edward Carson will not be made a similar victim, but stick to his briefs and leave the rule of Ulster to King George V. It is many years since they kicked the Queen's Crown into the Boyne with their mouths, and they have not altered."

NOT TOO OLD AT 62.

Sir William Osler, Regius Professor at Oxford, author of the theory that a man is too old at forty, has accepted the post of Silliman Lecturer at Yale at the age of 62. The appointment strikes us as being peculiarly appropriate.

NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE.

The Lambeth Board of Guardians have granted three shillings a week relief to an "odd man" of 46 earning as much as 1s. 9d. a week and suffering from partial paralysis. According to the Rev. W. Hobbs, one of the Guardians, the man is an organ-blower at the Loughborough Park Congregational Church, has to attend two services every Sunday and frequent weekday rehearsals, and receives for these services sevenpence a week. If he were employed at this rate of pay at a Jew tailor's in the East-end we should say he was sweated, but as he is engaged to raise the wind so that our pious friends of the Loughborough tabernacle may have music while they lift up their voices to the Lord in psalms and hymns and spritual songs, we will exercise a becoming Christian restraint. As a mark of their appreciation, peradventure they will raise their organ-blower's salary by at least another tuppence; even if they have to arrange a special collection.

LEGISLATION FOR MAGISTRATES.

Since the foundation of this periodical we have cast so fierce a light upon the injustices of justices that we naturally rejoice at the early realisation of some, at any rate, of the aims we have had in view. Announcement is now made that the Home Office is about to introduce legislation which will prevent magistrates who inflict a fine upon defendants from sending them to prison without allowing them adequate time for payment, while "provision will also be made so that courts will have the power to provide alternatives for imprisonment in the case of offenders between 16 and 21, the intention being that no youth shall go to prison unless he is incorrigible or has committed some serious offence." As our readers will recall, in numerous cases we have exposed magistrates who have inflicted the most vicious sentences on youths charged, often for the first time, with trivial offences. Cannot Mr. Churchill also do something to prevent those other scandalous sentences we have so often to expose for such offences as sleeping out, begging, and hawking by selling lavender without a licence? The law makes poverty a criminal offence, and the justices push the law to the uttermost harshness. It is a grave scandal.

THOSE LAWYERS!

Apparently the lawyers are as much in evidence in American politics as over here. Here is an interesting extract from the weekly financial journal, *The Bache Review* :—

In the 61st Congress there were 212 lawyers, while there were less than 50 individuals in manufacturing, mercantile and banking business. There are estimated to be about 135,000 lawyers in the United States. The people conducting or employed in trade and in manufactures aggregate about 14,000,000. Here, then, we have a situation where more than half of the representatives in Congress stands for 135,000 lawyers, while less than 50 Congressmen represent the business interests with over 14 millions of workers.

How true is the saying that the world is ruled by talkers!

CHILDREN STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

President Roosevelt, the Kaiser, and the Bishop of Ripon, all fervent advocates (and manufacturers) of large families, will probably be surprised to hear that it is one thing to have a lot of children and another thing to find a landlord who will let you have a house to put them in. Wondering why so many parents with families were pouring into the workhouse, the Cambridge Guardians decided to interview them. The almost unanimous story was that they went into "the house" because—it was the only place they could find to go to. "They won't let a house to me," said one disgruntled parent. "As soon as ever I tell them I have five young children the agent won't let me have the keys." And we are far from saying that the landlord, from his own point of view, is not justified. Naturally, he is afraid of his house being pulled—or pushed—down before rent day.

AMENITIES OF DEBATE.

In the Haverfordwest Town Council the other day, a Councillor named McKenzie wanted information which nobody was able or willing to give him. When he proceeded to make a few remarks about this, another Councillor named Reynolds corrected him, whereupon Mr. McKenzie characterised him as a blackguard. He also added that if he were the surveyor he would blow up the whole Council. Evidently it is a providential thing that Mr. McKenzie is not the surveyor. May we ask why he declines to keep a decent tongue? Is it because he will see his colleagues blown first?

NO PARTY POLITICS.

While, of course, we have no first-hand information on local men and local affairs at Nuneaton, we cannot do otherwise than congratulate Mr. J. S. Massey, who has resigned the presidency of the local Liberal Association in order to be free to assist the candidature of a Conservative who, in his opinion, will be a good man lost to the Council if he is shut out merely because the election is fought on party politics. Mr. Massey sets an excellent example. Fighting municipal elections on political tickets tends to the pernicious.

THAT FISHGUARD EDITOR AGAIN.

Recently we referred to the startling announcement of the editor of the *County Echo* that in the future he should make a charge, according to the nature of the offence, for keeping the names of transgressors out of his paper, dividing the proceeds among local charities. Now we find under the heading "Fishguard Petty Sessions," these announcements: "John Harris James, of Park Glas, Dinas, was mulcted in 10s. with 9s. 6d. costs for indecent behaviour at Fishguard. John Howells, Tygwyn, Dinas, who was similarly charged and had not yet taken out his licence—as had been done in the two preceding cases—was fined 7s. 6d. with costs." We fear there is something radically wrong with our distinguished *confère*.

ANOTHER STEAL.

Mr. John Lodge, of Westbourne Park, calls our attention to a glaring case of Charity-stealing in Stepney. St. Katherine's Collegiate Hospital, Regent's Park, was founded by Queen Matilda in 1148 for "the repose of the souls" of her children. Originally it was built in Stepney, but was moved to its present site on the construction of St. Katherine's Docks. All the best cuts of the joint have been gradually and cleverly appropriated by the *élite*. Until recently, however, 50 boys and 50 girls were clothed and educated free, but this number has been severely thinned, and the premises used for the school appropriated to training nurses. When Mr. Lodge was appointed School Attendance Officer in 1885 there was not a single child attending the school from the East-end. The parents of the children were all well-to-do Church-people, the teachers being nominated by such distinguished persons as the Duke of Westminster and Sir Blundell Maple, M.P. The death of the Rev. A. L. B. Peile, the master of the hospital, offers so excellent an opportunity to the Charity Commissioners to return to the poor what the rich have taken away, that we trust they will not neglect it.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Once more the Cockermonth Guardians have struck trouble. A few weeks ago we gave an account of their endeavours to sell the huge mountain of stones broken by the local unemployed. This time they are in a quandary over the renewal of their milk contract. It is the custom to allow each inmate of the Workhouse a pint of skimmed milk to go with his porridge. In winter the farmer delivers the milk at seven o'clock, and in summer at six o'clock. But now the Guardians find that no contractor is willing to bind himself to this, as it is asserted that farm servants nowadays will not rise at four o'clock to ensure the early delivery. The Chairman of the Workhouse Committee suggests that breakfast be served an hour later, although he says the inmates will disapprove. They must wait for the Daylight Saving Bill. Meanwhile the Guardians have our sympathy. They are having a lively time.

"LOVE, THE MAN, AND MARRIAGE."

This is the title of a very interesting article, by "A Married Woman" in the current issue of *Mrs. Bull*. May we suggest to MARY that it would be improved by dropping the first comma?

"BLEEDING" POOR JACK AGAIN.

We note that the Navy League have again directed a letter to the different ships in H.M. Navy, asking for subscriptions towards defraying the expenses of decorating Nelson's Column on Trafalgar Day. Many of our sailor readers last year asked us to obtain a balance sheet of this fund, and let them know how the money was spent. We wrote a courteous letter to the Secretary of the Navy League, asking for those particulars. In course of post we received a reply which, in effect, told us to mind our own business. Our advice to every sailor in the Navy is, not to subscribe a farthing to this fund.

THE OFFICERS' A B C.

There is consternation to-day in many a noble home. The Civil Service Commissioners have issued a strict order that in respect of the competitive examination which begins on November 2th for admission to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, candidates shall write plainly and spell correctly. Thus a blow is struck at another privilege of the aristocracy, and an Army officer will henceforth have to learn his A B C. This is very dreadful, for it means taking up time that might be usefully devoted to polo.

BRENTFORD'S PIGGERY.

From what we hear, the pig industry as hitherto carried on by the Brentford Guardians is to be seriously improved, one Guardian, Mr. Evans, having already carried a motion "that the Board record their disapproval of the practice of supplying for consumption by inmates of any part of the carcass of pigs when such pigs are found to be affected with tuberculosis." The facts are that the Guardians run a wholesale and retail piggery, and that they have been sending their slaughtered, undiseased pigs to market and retaining their tuberculous pigs for the consumption of the inmates of the workhouse. We gather from the opinion of Dr. Buchan, the Medical Officer, that tuberculous pig is quite good in parts, but the odds are a side of best bacon to a sow's ear that Dr. Buchan, the Guardians and the officers of the workhouse haven't themselves had any of it for breakfast, dinner or supper. Their subtle sense of discrimination has probably kept it wholly for the diet of the pampered pauper.

"ENOUGH TO KILL ANYBODY."

A Bethnal Green man upon whom the local coroner has recently held an inquest was proved by medical evidence to have had all at once disease of the lungs, pleurisy, bronchitis, rheumatism, gout, a fatty heart, granulation of the kidneys, a cyst in the liver, a tumour in the kidneys, hardening of the right lung and blood clots on the brain. He died of apoplexy.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

The Wolverhampton Town Council, through their General Purposes Committee, have just given a refreshing display of acumen. Mr. Alfred Bird, the local M.P., recently offered to apply his Parliamentary salary to the relief of the rates, and enclosed a cheque for the first quarter paid. The Town Clerk has been instructed to decline the offer with thanks, and Mr. Bird will have to find a new medium for his wink-eye philanthropy. If the offer had been accepted, Wolverhampton would no doubt have awakened one of these fine mornings, during a General Election, to find the hoardings placarded "Vote for the Wily Bird, who Gives His Salary to the Ratepayers." As we have already said, the Exchequer is authorised to accommodate any member of Parliament with a conscientious objection to receiving his wages. Besides, what's the matter with our "Human Documents"?

WAITER!

Now that Lord Kitchener is in Egypt, perhaps he will send one of his staff to enquire into the different regimental canteens. Here is a typical Tommy's letter from Cairo:—"As you know, the rations we receive in the Army are not sufficient, and, in a good many cases, not fit to eat; we have to proceed to the canteen and purchase some. Here is a picture of our canteen. Imagine a decent-sized stable, with a few chairs and a cooking-stove. Round this stove a number of filthy Arabs squat. If you want anything to eat these are the waiters who hand you the food. The 'scent' from their filthy bodies clings to all the food they handle." Now, my Lord, send round one of your staff and hound out these Arabs. We have numbers of unemployed ex-soldiers here who would, no doubt, be glad of their jobs.

MINCING MEYER.

With reference to the Pennsylvania catastrophe, the Rev. F. B. Meyer notes with regret that one of the London papers headed its account "Dam Burst." He is of opinion that the sub-editor should be summoned by the police for deliberately using bad language. We agree that the most strenuous endeavours should be made to suppress the profane levity of our contemporary. It is almost as indecent as a Prize Fight.

CLOGS.

A daily paper is recommending the use of clogs for poor children, in the place of boots, which, it is claimed, are more expensive and do not last as long. The fear is that a child wearing clogs will be laughed at by proud rivals in boots, and even ridiculed by the bare-footed, but an heroic endeavour is to be made to overcome all prejudice by the giving away of free pairs to poor youngsters in the East-end. "There is nothing like leather" was once part of the gospel of the shoemaker, but it will have to be altered when we hear "the clang of the wooden shoon" in London streets. One thing is very certain; a sole of wood is better than a sole of brown paper.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

With reference to our recent paragraph about M.P.'s and their salaries, we have received the following very interesting suggestion—which we commend to the attention of those M.P.'s who do not care to take their wages:—

I thought the gentlemen in the House who naturally resent being paid for their services to the nation might get out of the difficulty by having the money paid into a fund "for the relief of needy members, past and present," for, as the House is now constituted, such a fund will, ere long, be badly needed. It will scarcely be to the credit of the nation that we wake up one morning and read in our "daily" that "Bill Smith—lately member of Parliament for Slocomb Pogis—has applied to the Guardians of that borough for parish relief."

BARNARDO GIRLS IN CANADA.

Apropos of our warnings about Canadian Emigration, we would advise everyone to read some startling disclosures, in this week's *Mrs. Bull*, of tortures inflicted upon Barnardo girls and of the hard lot of children, generally who are sent out to the Dominion.

"LIFE."

A "Staunch Subscriber since No. 1" sends us a postcard issued as an advertisement by a Cardiff lighting firm. On the back is a dissertation seeking to prove that "life is a funny proposition after all." According to the author (*inter alia*), if a man "goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away, he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy and selfish. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him—before he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is in the way—only living to save funeral expenses." This is "Life" as seen through the eyes of a cynic; a cynic being a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing—except, of course of the goods he has to sell!

APPROPRIATE.

Here is a letter from a Lowestoft reader:—"Being rather interested in heraldry as a hobby, I was looking through Fairbairn's 'Book of Crests,' in our library this morning, and came across the following family mottoes: Wells family, *Fortiter in re* (Forcibly in deed); Johnson family, *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo* (Forcibly in deed, gently in manner). (Page 30, part II., vol. I.) The two mottoes were consecutive, and it is curious they should be so much alike." We commend the book to the Rev. F. B. Mire. [All right, Mr. Printer; that's the correct spelling.]

NAPOLEON ON PARTY.

When a man is determined to hold a place under Government, he has already sold himself to it.

BRAVO, BELLOC! AGAIN.

Here is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's terse declaration of faith:—

It is absurd to ask in the abstract whether a nation ought to have a Protective Tariff—as absurd as it would be to ask whether a man ought to wear an overcoat. He ought to wear it in the Polar regions, but not in the Tropics. He ought to wear it under certain circumstances, if he is delicate, but not if he is hale. He ought to wear it in certain latitudes in winter, but not in summer. And so on. Exactly the same is true of Protection. It pays some nations; it does not pay others. Again, a small measure of it may pay a nation where a full measure would ruin it, just as it might be wise for a man to wear a light overcoat but not to wear a heavy one.

There you have it, in a nutshell.

EX-P.C. GREAVES.

In response to our appeal for a situation for Greaves, we are pleased to state that Messrs. Gamage, the well-known outfitters of Holborn, have given him a post. We have every confidence that he will serve the firm well—and shall be able to find him when we want him.

WAR AND THE PRESS.

The Italians appear to have got rid of the land correspondents by the ruse of shipping them on an outgoing steamer under the pretence that they would be able to see the bombardment better from the sea. It is like a Suffragette waiting at the front door for a Prime Minister while he slips out at the back.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

GOVERNESS: "How I love our beautiful Litany—it prays for everyone, even poor governesses."

MISTRESS: "Where does it do that?"

GOVERNESS: "Don't you remember those lovely words—'All women labouring with child'?"



A WELL-KNOWN FLEET STREET CHARACTER.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that: "The farewell benefit to Mme. Albani takes place at the Albert Hall on Saturday week. Among those who are assisting Mme. Albani are Mme. Patti, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, and Sir Charles Santley. This encouragement of NOVICES is very welcome,"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating of a woman "badly wounded in the legs" that: "Dr. Marshall extracted twenty-six PICKLES from one leg and six from the other,"

THE ARMAGH GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "It is necessary to purchase a large bottle, price 2s. 9d., for a certain complaint, although the SMALL bottle, price 1s. 1½d., is exactly the same preparation as the larger one, but CONTAINS THREE TIMES THE QUANTITY,"

THE PROPRIETORS OF "LEVASCO"
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The Pastor will be GLAD to hear of any cases of sickness amongst the congregation,"

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH (UPMINSTER)
MONTHLY CALENDAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "100 Pair Odd Trousers, SO CHEAP THEY WON'T LAST LONG,"

MR. JOHN TROTTER
(General Drapery Warehouse, New Cumnock)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a certain lady "was found dead in bed in an hotel in Cork, her native place, this morning. She was APPARENTLY IN HER USUAL HEALTH,"

THE MIDLAND NEWS & KARROO FARMER
(Cradock, Cape Colony)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following mixed metaphor: "He was like a lost DOG that has found a porch where the wind blows but the rain doesn't fall. And then, insensibly, he opened his WINGS and moved about the room; he TALKED, he ARRANGED HIS DESK to suit himself . . . he TOOK ROOT without anyone noticing it,"

THE WHEATSHEAF,
(Organ of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd.)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, under the heading of "New Winter Trains:—" "Certain trains will start and run earlier than at present, INCLUDING the 7.30 p.m. Southampton to Basingstoke, &c., which will start at 7.30,"

THE HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For issuing a calendar showing but TWENTY-NINE DAYS in September.

MESSRS. GILBERT & HOW
(Auctioneers, 5, Crouch Hill, London, N.)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in an article entitled "Secrets of a Tramp's Life," that: "At the early age of TWELVE my FATHER died,"

THE SCOTTISH WEEKLY RECORD (Glasgow)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "The maximum number of hours per DAY in which a shop assistant can be required to work is fifty-four,"

THE SUNDAY TIMES (Johannesburg)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing on a placard: "The most Sensational Play of Modern Times. The success of THREE HEMI-SPHERES,"

MR. FRED MORGAN
(Manager of the People's Theatre, Richmond)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AKBAR REFORMATORY HORRORS.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE "AKBAR" SCANDAL—A LURID LIGHT ON THE CURSE OF PARTY SYSTEM—LANSBURY'S LAMENT—POINTER'S PLAINT—HARDIE'S HARDIHOOD.

BY RONALD ADAM.

Before the publication of the "Whitewash King's" Report last February, I wrote full accounts of the Akbar Inquiry for the edification of Members of Parliament, and I received the following communication from Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P. :—

House of Commons,
February 9th, 1911.

I have forwarded your communication to the Secretary of the Labour Party. The case, if what you say be true, must be probed to its depths.—Yours truly,
J. KEIR HARDIE.

Even the alteration of my evidence and the suppression of my fifteen witnesses' evidence did not disprove the horrible charges laid against the school authorities, and yet Keir Hardie—the champion of the Hindus and Zulus—sat silent in the House of Commons during the Debate. (February 23rd, 1911) and voted with the Government to retain as the Superintendent of the Akbar School the brutal Beuttler—the Superintendent responsible for the cruelties practised upon some of the poorest and most helpless children in England.

My wife begged me to attempt to expose the private ownership of the schools—schools kept up by public money—and during the last few months I have developed into a fair public speaker. The numerous intelligent working men whom I have addressed have been astounded at my story of how I was left in the lurch by Ramsay Macdonald and the Labour Party, and at their (the working men's) suggestion I wrote and asked several of the Labour Members why they voted in the House of Commons in support of retaining such a brute as Beuttler as Superintendent of the "Akbar" School.

During the month of August I spent a week in Bradford (Yorks.), speaking nightly on the "Akbar" scandal, and on Sunday evening, August 26th, I attended a meeting addressed by Mr. F. W. Jowett, M.P., one of the Labour Members for Bradford. At the termination of his address, one of his constituents (who had evidently been listening to my speeches) asked Mr. Jowett why the Labour Party in the House of Commons supported Masterman in the retention of Beuttler, when the cruelties were proved to have been inflicted on the poor children at the Akbar Reformatory.

I stood in the crowd and heard Mr. Jowett's answer. "The Labour Party voted with Masterman so as not to blast his *political career*." This answer so incensed me, that I forced my way to the front of the meeting, and I asked Mr. Jowett, "Then why should my wife's and my life be blasted because we have dared to champion the cause of the poor and oppressed children?" and Jowett answered, "You have my sympathy"!

LABOUR LEADERS' ADMISSIONS.

From Bradford I went to Leeds and spoke nightly in front of the Town Hall. At Leeds, I received a letter from Mr. Geo. Lansbury—the only manly one (I think) in the Labour Party. There is no shuffling about Lansbury—he's a man! Here is his answer to my letter. I asked what excuse there was for condoning cruelties to poor children.

Bow, August 31st, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—There is no excuse. We all voted wrong. I have stated so in print and regretted it ever since, but the vote was decided by the party, and is one of the blessings of party Government.—Yours truly,
GEORGE LANSBURY.

P.S.—I stated in the *Labour Leader* months ago that I regretted the vote.

I have also received the following letter from another Labour Member, viz., Mr. J. Pointer, of Sheffield :—

September 11th, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of 1st, which I have just received on my return home. You ask for the reason why I voted as I did in the "Akbar" case.

Personally I thought the case against the Government was a strong one, and at first declared I should vote against them.

At a party meeting, however, we decided that we would wait until we heard the defence of the Government before deciding how to vote.

I, of course, as a loyal member of the Labour Party, agreed. The Government, or at least Mr. Masterman on their behalf, put up the defence that *although the Superintendent had been guilty of gross cruelty*, yet in many ways his work at the Institution had been of such a high order, that it was only fair to take it into consideration in coming to a decision on the cruelty cases.

In the end our Party decided to support the Government, and I again fell in. *I may say that I was far from satisfied, but for the reason mentioned I fell in with the majority.* Of course, I know nothing about any alteration of evidence. Indeed it is the first time I have heard of it.—Yours sincerely,

J. POINTER.

HARDIE'S HARDIHOOD.

Last February my wife wrote a long letter to Keir Hardie and addressed it to House of Commons, asking his support respecting poor Akbar children, but she received no answer!

After repeated attempts on my part to draw some kind of reply from him, however, I at length received the following :—

September 22nd, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—Having listened to the debate, I came to the conclusion that the thing was not going to occur again, and that some of the charges had been much exaggerated.—Yours truly,

J. KEIR HARDIE.

To this letter I replied as follows :—

I note your answer to my query as to why you supported Masterman and thus condoned cruelties to poor children.

You state you listened to the Debate! I have the Parliamentary Debate before me as I write, and on reading same I note it is proved that these poor children were stood up all the night without sleep and forced next day to do their ordinary work; that these poor lads were doused with buckets of cold water in winter time; that deaths occurred within a few hours of the terrible cruelties perpetrated on them, and that Dr. Paton found their poor bodies were permanently scarred by the brutal and admittedly illegal canings and birchings inflicted at this Reformatory School.

The Division (as per *Labour Leader*, March 3rd) was to decide whether a brute, as Beuttler proved himself, was to remain in charge of these helpless lads, and you support this. You support Beuttler, and I feel ashamed that you of all men should do so! You go about defending Hindus and Zulus, but when poor English and Scottish boys are tortured you agree with it and give your manly support that such treatment should continue.

I have also written asking the Departmental Committee now sitting if my wife and I will be required to give evidence.

I am not a politician, but I cannot help feeling that Mr. Bottomley is justified in condemning the Party system.

IMMORAL SPORTS.**AN ADDRESS.**

BY THE REV. F. B. MIRE.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I propose this evening to speak to you on the subject of immoral sports; to warn you against the snares and pitfalls that beset the feet of those misguided sinners who indulge in athletic recreations. Oh, my friends, Satan lurks not only in the theatre, the music-hall, and the cinematograph show, but also in the football field, beside the cricket pitch, within the tennis court, and on the croquet lawn. He squats at the elbow of the angler; he tracks the swimmer as he cuts a gleaming passage through the water. Unseen and unsuspected, he rages round the rink, seeking whom he may devour. And why is it, dear friends, that Satan finds a happy hunting-ground in the fields of sport? It is because all athletic exercises are essentially immoral. It is because—but let me particularize a little.

The unspeakable sinfulness of boxing is known to us all. Happily, the contest that had been arranged between Jack Johnson and ex-Bombardier Wells has been providentially prevented. Dear friends, we have much to be thankful for. However, so much has been said and written concerning boxing of late, that I will pass from that subject, and will ask you to bear with me a few moments whilst I expound the vice that is inherent in

FOOTBALL.

Oh, my friends, is there any need for me to enlarge upon the depravity of this game when I tell you that those lost souls who participate in it play with their knees naked and bare to the winds of heaven, and the gaze of thousands of spectators of both sexes? Surely not. It pains me to bring a blush to the cheek of any one of you, my dear friends, but my duty is clear. And I say, with all the emphasis at my command, that a man who bares his knee before a woman is a villain! Oh, my friends, think of the fair young lives that have been ruined by the sight of a muscular, bare knee. I shudder at the thought. And not only in football, but also in

CRICKET

does shameful sin abide. My dear friends, I put it to you—are a flannel shirt and trousers sufficient clothing for a Christian? Is not the masculine anatomy too much revealed in such scanty attire? And when the trousers are upheld only by a belt or a silk handkerchief, necessitating a constant hitching to keep those garments up, is it surprising that dangerous thoughts should arise in the minds of the young and susceptible? Oh, my dear friends, think of the thousands of young and innocent lives that have been shipwrecked on the rock of cricket and forswear the deadly game if you would save your souls alive. Nor, my dear friends is

TENNIS

a game that Christian men and maids may play without danger to their everlasting souls and the souls of on-lookers. Oh, my dear friends, have you not seen the clinging skirt of the tennis player as she darts towards the ball? Have you not observed the awful quantity of ankle she reveals? Oh, my friends, shun the game, and don't watch it more than you can possibly help, for while your eyes are fixed upon the players, Satan will be whispering in your ready ear. Oh, my friends, I know what I say is true from experience in my unregenerate days. Neither let the curse of

CROQUET

light upon you. Dear friends, there is a suggestion of sin in the croquet stoop, which shortens the shortest skirt.

I had intended to speak to you also on the subject of

SWIMMING.

but unless my young friends at the back of the hall will come out of that dark corner behind the pillar, so that I may keep my eye upon them, I dare not proceed with my discourse. The sins of swimming are too terrible to be listened to in the dark, and—well, as our dear young friends appear to be disinclined to move, we will close with Hymn No. 69 on the sheet.

MRS. BULL.**EVERY TUESDAY. ∴ ONE PENNY.****ANOTHER CHARITY MONGER.****WHERE ARE THE ACCOUNTS?**

Our attention has been called to a full-page advertisement appearing in the September number of *The Sunday at Home*. It is on behalf of what is termed the Liverpool Children Rescue Mission. As an advertisement which will "get right there"—it is a work of art. Heartrending pictures of children are given, under which is inscribed, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones, ye do it unto Me." Then it is set forth that the work is chiefly conducted by "unpaid workers and Christian believers." Finally we are told that the institution has no endowment fund, borrows no money, but trusts in the Lord of the fatherless and widows to dispose Christian friends to kindly help it for the Lord's sake.

Now for a few truths with reference to this so-called orphanage. It is run by a person calling himself Pastor Charles Black, who lives at Toxteth Park, Liverpool. He keeps a few destitute children, and these are his stock-in-trade for the purpose of cadging. He poses (in the advertisement) as the proprietor and editor of the *Christian Philanthropist*, and proprietor of the *People's Illustrated Journal*. Although we have made inquiries at all the well-known publishers and searched the Press directories, we have failed to find any trace of them. Thinking that they might possibly be published by *The Sunday at Home* people—who, by the by, are the Religious Tract Society—we sent our office boy there to purchase copies; they knew nothing of them.

In 1907 Charles Black was carrying on business as an electrical engineer. He posed as junior partner to his own son, and when summoned in the Liverpool County Court for a debt incurred by the firm set up a plea of "infancy."

We cannot find that he has ever issued a balance sheet, and he has been running this "charity" show since 1884. Some few weeks ago, thinking that he might have seen the error of his ways, we wrote him a polite letter, asking for an account of his stewardship. We, of course, enclosed a stamped addressed envelope. As we received no reply we suppose the next thing we shall hear is that we have subscribed to this "charity," for the founder has a penny of ours in hand. Black claims that those who give to him can trust him. Perhaps it is just as well for him they can, otherwise he would have to turn his hand to honest work.

THE ALLSOPP'S BREWERY PENSION FUND.**A SERIOUS COMPLAINT.**

We have received a complaint from one of the late employes of Allsopp's Brewery, who states that he was in their service for many years, and that a proportion of his salary was compulsorily stopped for the purpose of providing him with a pension on retiring. He has received the pension for some years, but the concern is now in liquidation and he, with many others similarly placed, has been informed that the pension has ceased, and that there is no further claim on the Company. Surely, however, as this money was compulsorily deducted from the salaries of the employes for the express purpose of providing a pension fund, it is in the nature of a trust and cannot be used to swell the assets of the Company for the benefit of the creditors and shareholders. We, therefore, strongly advise those interested to combine and instruct a solicitor to institute the necessary proceedings for the protection of their interests.

"A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT."**AN EXPLANATION.**

Messrs. Preston and Lee, solicitors, of 4, Lawson Street, Barrow-in-Furness, write, in reference to the recent paragraph we published under this heading, that the request for a guinea for enquiries was made as it was considered that no applicant for the care of a child, in consideration of payment of £700, would send the guinea, "unless he was confident that he would make a suitable guardian, and so the task of selection would be facilitated. This request had the desired effect, as very few of the applicants sent the fee. There was no intention of retaining more than about half a dozen fees, and, as a matter of fact, only four guineas were retained, the remainder having been returned to the senders a fortnight ago." Messrs. Preston and Lee ask us to state that we "have received a satisfactory explanation" from them. But we must leave the explanation to speak for itself.

THE "ABODE OF LOVE" AGAIN.

THE MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT—PIGOTT'S "JOY RIDES"—A BURNHAM LADY'S LETTER
—A VICAR'S VIEW OF PIGOTT.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

During this series of articles I have quoted one paragraph from the sworn declaration of a medical man who was for some time attached to the Agapemone; and originally it was my intention to go more deeply into this report. The Editor, however, has decided not to publish any other portions of it. When I state that the few lines that have already appeared in print are the least objectionable of the whole of the document, the reason for withholding the remainder will be obvious.

PIGOTT'S "JOY RIDES."

I know of no law which forbids a man keeping a harem if he so wishes. That is purely a question of morals—and taste. Therefore Pigott is absolutely safe, so far as the law is concerned, as regards that portion of his doings.

His lustful habits have been introduced simply to show that they are part of his stock-in-trade for holding tight in his clutches the many poor, weak women he now has at the Agapemone; and it must be remembered that he justifies each and every one of these acts by stating that he is the "Messiah," and can do no wrong.

The one portion of the doctor's report from which I quoted in a previous article, referred to the administration of "tonics" to Pigott. To some extent the man is being punished for his blackguardly conduct, for he is in constant fear of a breakdown, and, in consequence, is always taking "tonics" or cures. Situated some fifteen miles from the "Abode" is a small seaside place called Burnham, and the air there is claimed to be most invigorating, and the sands are said to throw forth some miraculous curative qualities. It is here the "Messiah" visits at stated periods. These visits usually take place when the doctor's prescribed tonic has lost its effect.

In the year 1909, Pigott and six of his brides occupied a house on the esplanade. In 1910 he and his harem occupied premises in Herbert Road; and in 1911 in Grove Road. I need hardly say that Pigott, while on these visits, hid his identity as much as possible. He used to do a great deal of motoring—driving his own car. Every third day he would motor from Burnham to Spaxton, taking with him three of his "brides." In the evening he would return to Burnham, still having in the car with him three ladies. But they were not those he had set out with earlier in the day. He had changed them at Spaxton. The "Messiah" has outclassed every form of American "Joy Ride"!

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A former resident of Burnham, who occupied a house quite close to that of Pigott's, states:—

The arrangements seemed to be that relays of the "Messiah's" ladies came to Burnham, where his Holiness stayed with them. The only group who remained all the time were the three children and Sister Ruth. The children were never spoken to by their baptismal names, but by ordinary appellations. The eldest is a charming little chap. I remember his deep interest in the Coronation procession in Burnham. The second of Ruth's children is inclined to be rickety, and he has a painful stammer. All the women seem to take equal shares in the responsibility of the children. They all seem willing slaves.

It certainly struck me that the household was one of love and peace. When the "Messiah" took out a chosen few for a motor ride, it amazed me to see the submissive

expression of those women who were left behind, or (literally) were given a back seat in the car—the seat of honour not always being given to the same female. Over his household Pigott's power must be great indeed. How ever he imparts harmony into so many women is wonderful.

I have just returned from Burnham, and it is remarkable how few residents were aware that this impostor had been in their midst. Some tradespeople I interviewed frankly admitted they knew of his identity, but "kept it quiet" for the sake of the town. I need hardly say I totally disagree with these tradesmen. I have evidence that this mock creed of Smyth-Pigott's is attracting converts, and the only possible way to deal with such people is to place them under lock and key, so that they cannot roam the world and contaminate others. In the meantime, Pigott's church at Clapton, which has been closed since he proclaimed from the pulpit that he was Christ, is now being re-decorated. I suggest it should be fumigated also. Perhaps the residents of Clapton will take note of what I have here stated, and give the caretaker due notice to write and let his master know that no Agapemonite service will be tolerated in London.

PIGOTT ACCUSES "JOHN BULL" OF JEALOUSY.

In a conversation I had with Miss X (who, by-the-bye, has returned to her massage establishment), she informed me that Pigott swore that the only motive for the first attack of JOHN BULL was because the Editor was jealous of one of his spiritual brides!

A VICAR'S VIEWS.

Here is a letter I have received from a vicar of a well-known parish:—

Pigott was educated for the ministry of the Church of England at the London College of Divinity, St. John's Hall, Highbury. He was one of three young men whose vagaries caused the authorities some anxiety. For instance, they used to hold prayer meetings in their rooms to pray for the "conversation" of the then Principal of the College—one of the saintliest of men. All this however, was put down to mistaken zeal, and in due course they were ordained. They then commenced their work with vigour and earnestness. Church methods of work were not altogether to their liking, so all three of them joined the Salvation Army. They were lionised by "General" Booth, and the "Converted Clergymen" were aired out as only the Salvation Army knows how to do.

Personally, I say quite seriously the man is mad, and, like other lunatics he should be under lock and key.

I agree with the reverend gentleman. Apart from all other rascalities that he has perpetrated, a man who brings illegitimate children into the world and saddles them with such names as "Glory," "Power" and "Life" must be insane. Poor little creatures!

"NORTHERN TERRORS."

Last Day for Applications for Profit-Sharing Bonds,
MONDAY NEXT.

See page 541.

CIVIL SERVICE CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

A LAME "EXPLANATION."

In our issue of September 30th, we directed attention to the scurvy treatment of an old servant of this Society.

The correspondent, a lady, who gave us this information, sends us a letter she has received from Mr. Helby, the Chairman of the Stores, in which he says:—

(1) That the discharged man was "always a poor tool," who has "certainly been paid twice as much as he was worth."

(2) That changes were about to be made in his department which necessitated the retirement of certain clerks, that the least competent were selected, and that the old man in question was one of them.

(3) That there is no Pension Fund, but ———— received £100 in addition to a month's pay.

(4) That he has been granted a testimonial "which the rules of the Society do not permit of, references only being given."

We agree with our correspondent that this explanation does not mend matters. If it be true that the old man was inefficient, and always had been, he should have been dismissed years ago, and not left until he was too old and worn to obtain another post. If the department in which the old man served had to be reorganised, which involved his retirement, that is no good reason for treating him unfairly, and withholding proper pension. It is not true that he received £100 in addition to his month's pay. A portion of this £100, namely, £22 5s., was his own money, invested in the Society's Provident Fund, which belonged to him as much as if it had been in a savings bank. And if there is no pension or gratuity fund upon which to draw, it would be interesting to know where the £77 15s. came from. As to the testimonial which the rules of the Society do not permit, why were they broken in his favour unless he was a most deserving servant?

IN DEFENCE OF MEYER.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

In accordance with our rule to hear both sides, we willingly publish the following letter. *But why has Meyer withdrawn his pamphlet from circulation?—*

First as to meddling. If there were to take place in London any incident which had clearly a demoralising effect, and the representatives of the Church were to remain silent, what would you say? Would you not say that the Church was neglecting its clear business? Whatever else the Church is for, it should be to stop demoralising tendencies of the age, and to promote whatever makes for right thinking and clean living.

Scientific boxing may be good exercise, and develop manhood, but a fight to a finish, until one of two men is knocked out, incapacitated from fighting further, and with all the incentive of a big purse at the end of it—this can only have a degrading tendency, and foster the most morbid sentiments amongst any who witness it. Is then plain speaking, meddling? Is it not rather clear duty?

But a word as to method. Was not the method employed perfectly gentlemanly? The protest is made at the Regent's Park Church at an ordinary Sunday service. But it was immediately taken up by the eagle-eyed representatives of the Press, who knew what the effect of such a paragraph would be, and the sentiment expressed by Mr. Meyer touched home to a great body of real genuine upright opinion throughout the country. What did Mr. Meyer do? Did he extravagantly blaze about what a hit he had made? No, but wise leader that he is, he gathered up the expressions of opinion, drafted resolutions, acted in a perfectly friendly and gentlemanly spirit to all parties concerned, and by his clear action and clear thinking did much to secure the end which he had in view. Not meddling, surely, but clear performance of clear duty.

Does the Church meddle if it speaks out against harmful tendencies?

Then as to Maudlin. My dictionary gives the meaning of this word as "Weakly or excessively sentimental, silly or fuddled with drink." The second half is certainly not true. But neither is the first, for those who have come into closest contact with Mr. Meyer know that far from being excessively sentimental he is on the contrary most practical and clear thinking.

"TEN DAYS FOR SIX POTATOES."

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH MR. HAROLD NUTCOMBE BOOKER.

Our recent article created the greatest sensation in Bognor. It was discussed and commented upon in every club, reading-room, and hotel in the town. "I have had a conversation with Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker," says a correspondent, "and he assured me he had missed as many as a hundredweight of potatoes a week. On the other hand, the old man himself affirms that he had never previously taken a single potato away from the grounds. Again, the prosecutor said that the man Walters honestly deserved the sentence, for he had been previously convicted. This I find to be inaccurate. Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker now asserts that he had two other men working at the same occupation for 6d. per cwt. in another field, and the one who took Walters' place earned in the following week 27s. 6d. This means that the man had to dig 18 bushels of potatoes per day—an impossible task, which I challenged him to dispute, and he could not take it up. Further, I was unable to find that Mr. Harold Nutcombe Booker possesses sufficient ground to grow anything like this number of potatoes.

Here is a photo of the wicked Walters and his murphies.



LETTERS WE HOPE TO RECEIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "JOHN BULL."

SIR,—Your exposure of my political peccadilloes is making me feel properly ashamed of myself—for having been found out. I had no idea anybody knew so much about me, and I would fain hide my diminished head. I had not quite recovered from Mr. Lloyd George's vigorous trouncing in the House of Commons when you commenced to turn back the secret pages of my political life for all the world to see. It is not that I altogether resent your exposure of my relations with the Tory party from time to time. I excuse my conduct on the specious old grounds of political expediency. I have spoiled the Egyptians, so to speak, and glory in the fact.

At the same time, I am perfectly well aware that vast numbers of my blind and trustful followers, ignorant of the traffic I have held with those whom they regard as the arch enemy of labour, and not yet emancipated from the antique code of morality which still shackles the actions of so many of my countrymen, will read your articles with horror. You have wiped out my influence at one fell blow.

Of course, you have left me no alternative but to retire from the House of Commons. I am not without courage—of sorts—but I dread the thought of facing the infuriated Labour members when Parliament reassembles.

There are other lands under the sun where political morality is not so absurdly puritanical. To some such land will I go.

JAMES KEIR HARDIE.

ANOTHER DESPERATE "PRUDENTIAL" DODGE.

AN INSTRUCTIVE CORRESPONDENCE.—DESPERATE DEVICE TO AVOID EXPOSURE.

Our revelations are driving the Prudential people to despair. Below we give an illuminating example of their efforts to "square" an illegal Policy holder and hush up a typical case of fraud and forgery.

Some years ago Miss Manser, an Eastbourne young woman, insured her sister, without that lady's knowledge, in the Prudential. She was persuaded to do so by an agent of the Company, and as she signed no proposal form, and her sister knew nothing about it, it is obvious that the signature to the proposal form was forged; as no one could be interested in forging the signature save somebody associated with the Prudential, the conclusion is legitimate that the forgery was committed by a person acting on behalf of the Company.

Miss Manser continued to pay her premiums, not troubled by any doubt as to the validity of the policy, until she read our exposure of the Prudential methods, when it occurred to her that she might be paying premiums upon a policy which was illegal, and therefore not enforceable at law. Disturbed by this thought, she wrote to the head office of the Company under date April 17th, and asked them to endorse the policy in her favour. She received a formal acknowledgment on April 19th, and on April 29th Mr. Thompson wrote to her to say that they had now seen the agent and ascertained from him that "the business was properly effected." The letter added that the Company's Superintendent would call upon Miss Manser at her private address. To this Miss Manser immediately replied, declining to have an interview with the Superintendent, and adding: "I therefore wish you to send me direct a straightforward answer that at my sister's decease the money will be paid to me, or in the event of my death, the next-of-kin. This is the third time I have written to you about this. If I do not have a satisfactory answer I shall put the matter into other hands."

To this Mr. Thompson replied, under date June 1st, regretting Miss Manser's refusal to see their Superintendent, and going on to say that—

Under the Assurance Companies Act of 1909 it is permitted to hold a policy on the life of your sister, and our desire is to safeguard your interest in the policy.

Miss Manser was not impressed by the desire of the Company, as expressed by Mr. Thompson, to safeguard her interest, and repeated her request for information she had already asked for in vain. To this Mr. Thompson replied under date June 12th:—

We are in receipt of your letter. We have endeavoured to meet your wishes in every way with regard to this policy, which we have reason to believe is in every way legal and in order. If you will write us a letter to the effect that you have always paid the premiums, and held the policy, and that when you took out the policy you had a bona-fide expectation of being responsible for the funeral expenses of the assured, then we will endorse the policy recognising you as claimant at the death of the assured.

This letter is a striking illustration of the way in which things are done at Holborn Bars. Miss Manser is invited to send the Company a written assurance that the policy, which she had explained to them was taken out in a most improper way, was a legitimate contract. There was not a shred or shadow of sugges-

tion in any one of Miss Manser's letters that she had taken out the policy for the purpose of paying the funeral expenses of her sister, and she makes this quite plain in her reply, dated June 16th:—

In reply to your letter of the 12th, I cannot make the statement you wish, as I am not responsible for the funeral expenses of my sister, as she is married. I also have an older brother who is next-of-kin.

This letter was formally acknowledged on the 19th. On the 23rd Miss Manser was asked for the name and address of the agent to whom she paid the premiums, which we should have thought was information they would have had at the Head Office, and on the 29th she received the following letter:—

With reference to the above (that is, the policy in question) will you write us a letter to the effect that you have always paid the premiums and held the policy, and took it out as guardian to your sister? If you do this we will then endorse the policy in your favour.

Mark that there is not the shadow of suggestion in any one of Miss Manser's letters that she had ever acted as guardian to her sister, and she replied to the suggestion in a letter under date July 3rd:—

I have already informed you that I have never been in any way responsible for my sister, so I cannot make the statement you suggest.

I took out the policy upon the advice and statement of your agent that in the event of my sister's decease during my lifetime the amount due on the policy would be paid to me.

This I now find was an illegal contract and I beg to ask for a return of the premiums I have paid on my sister's policy.

To this Miss Manser received no reply, and consequently on July 20th she wrote asking for one. Three weeks later, that is to say, on August 9th, she received the following:—

We are in receipt of your letter of the 20th ult. We regret we cannot trace your letter of the 3rd ult. If you will kindly repeat the letter it shall be attended to.

It would seem that disagreeable letters have a way of getting mislaid at Holborn Bars. We say at Holborn Bars because Miss Manser's letter never found its way back to her through the Dead Letter Office. This she makes plain in her letter of the 21st in reply to the Company's letter of the 9th:—

I cannot understand your not receiving my letter of the 3rd ult. It has not been returned to me, so I think it must be mislaid in your office. I therefore repeat the letter I wrote on the above date. As I have been corresponding on this matter since April I shall be glad of an early reply.

On August 24th Mr. Thompson acknowledges this letter and says that the "matter is receiving attention." Two days later he writes:—

I can only repeat that this assurance appears to be in order in every way, and we are prepared to treat the case as coming within the terms of Section 36 (2) of the Assurance Companies Act, 1909.

Here, then, we have the Joint Manager first of all condoning forgery, and, secondly, actually suborning a Policy-holder to make a false declaration. Now, Mr. Thompson, send along your writ!

THAT "MESSING" ADVISER.

"TOTS" ON TOMMY'S TUMMY.

We understand that Colonel Morgan—the recently appointed officer in charge of messing in the British Army—is now known by the name of "Tots." This is really too bad, but Tommy will have his little joke. "Tots," by the way, signifies in soldier language a meatless bone. And after the Colonel has been putting in such hard work too!

Before us we have the result of his vast studies since he was placed in charge of the stew pans. It is a printed document of some length, giving advice to commanding officers on how best to feed the men. Of course the C.O. will impart the knowledge to the Company Officers, and they in turn will instruct their subalterns, and so on through seven stages until it comes down to the cook serjeant. But why didn't "Tots" recognise the cook serjeant direct? If he is too big a pot to address the little kettles, why didn't he send the Colonels printed posters with the request that they be placed in the cook house? Some of his ideas are so good that we cannot refrain from quotation:—

It will frequently be found that large quantities of vegetables are left on the men's plates after a meal. This is due to the quantity provided being in excess of what is required.

We think the Colonel has hit the mark here, but we wonder how long it took him to find out this truism.

Let us follow the document again:—

If there is a large amount of refuse, it proves either that there is too much food, that is badly cooked, or that it is unpopular. Constant supervision is therefore necessary and the best time to inspect the refuse tub is *immediately after a meal*.

Surely Colonel Morgan must place the intelligence of the British officer at a very low standard if he imagines he would inspect the refuse tub *before a meal*!

It is when it comes to a matter concerning pilfering, however, that we find the instructions most practical.

It will be found a good plan to issue to the cook tea and sugar sufficient for a tea urn, mixed together in a small tin. This will ensure an even quantity of tea, and will prevent irregularities.

Most practical advice! We have heard of cooks "pinching" poor Tommy's tea, which has been purchased at the canteen at 2s. a pound, and re-selling it to the married women of the Regiment for 6d. a pound.

Just one more quotation:—

Butter is very popular in the Army, and every man likes to have it for breakfast and tea, in addition to any other extras. The most economical way to use butter when the bread is cut in slices is to butter them before issue. If this is done, care must be taken to see that the slices of bread are not too thick; since, when they are thick it has been found that the men cut off the tops and waste the remainder.

Wonderful! and to think poor taxpayers must pay a man £500 a year for this rot!

ADDLED ADS.

SOME PECULIAR ANNOUNCEMENTS

WANTED, Cowman, Michaelmas; Christian man; Methodist preferred; with son to milk.—(*East Anglian Daily Times*.)

DRAUGHTSMAN.—Patent Agency has Vacancy for Youth with son; knowledge of mechanical drawing.—(*Birmingham Daily Mail*.)

NEW laid eggs.—If you want the genuine article do not buy them new laid from shop windows, but straight from the hen.—(*Walthamstow, Leyton, etc., Guardian*.)

THE DUCKS ARE PLENTIFUL THIS SEASON. So every man who can get away should get an Outfit and go after some in our Sporting Goods Section of the Hardware Dept.—(*Daily Province, Regina, Canada*.)

AN Egyptian gentleman wants a private family, full board, within 10 minutes' walk or Tube from University College. Charges from 30s.—(*Daily Telegraph*.)

I WILL Purchase an old-established in the Midlands, including railway siding, 44 wagons, working tools, &c.; suitable for gentleman fond of country, hunting, shooting, and fishing.—Address, —(*Birmingham Daily Post*.)

MISS MARGARET M. PERKINS is requested to send us her full address.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLXIII.

WIDOW WITH FOUR CHILDREN WANTS WORK.

We have made enquiry into the following appeal, and we are satisfied its statements are true and that the writer is a very worthy woman, in every way deserving of the help of the charitable. It will give us much pleasure to be the means of forwarding to her any aid that our charitable readers may be able or disposed to offer her.

My husband died 16 months ago, leaving me with six children, the eldest a girl 16 years, and the youngest 4 years old. My husband was in the Fulham Infirmary for 8 months before he died, 7 months out of the 8 I had a special order to visit him at all times.

After his death the Guardians took three of my children, I think for a month. I was out of my mind. One of the three—a little boy, 7 years old—has been suffering with drinking diabetes for two years. I took him out of the infirmary much against the doctor's wishes, as they told me he looked as though he was dying in my arms. Three months I had him at home and made a little man of him. I could not get work, so the poor little boy with his baby sister had to go back. Now they are at Ashford Schools. My husband was head gatekeeper at Earl's Court Exhibition for 12 years; previous to that 12 years and 3 months hallkeeper at the Savoy Theatre, but a great sufferer on and off for 7 years prior to his death. I had to part with my home bit by bit, until I have barely enough for the three children I have with me. I have not got one blanket for any of their beds. If only I could find work I could soon get some. I don't mind what work it is. The early part of this year I sewed the canvas for the scenery at the White City at 1½d. per yard, and machined the canvas for the Fine Art Palace at ½d. per yard, and by working very hard I was able to earn £1 per week, but that sort of work does not last very long. Then I can cook or clean, in fact turn my hand to anything, but although I walk miles and have good references I cannot obtain work. Only a week ago my landlord threatened to put my home in the street, but I begged of him for the children's sake to let me remain on and I would pay what I owe as soon as I get work. I owe them 15s. now, but they are only poor people and I should be so pleased to pay them.

I hope, dear sir, this letter is not too long, and if only I could get work I should be so thankful. This morning's breakfast for four was ½d. worth of tea, ½d. sugar, ½d. worth of milk, ½d. of treacle, 1d. worth of bread, and we were very thankful to get that.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLIX.—A. B., 5s.
CLX.—"Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; "Tom," 2s. 6d.; A. B., 5s.; L. C. B., 2s.
CLXI.—"Isleworth," 2s. 6d.; W. Matthews, 1s.; J. H. N., 2s.; "Unknown," 1s.; E. and A., 2s. 6d.; A. B., 5s.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; C. S., 2s. 6d.

SANDY'S RETORT.

MAC THISTLE ON PORRIDGE.

We have received, and gladly publish, the following good-humoured reply to our recent open letter to Lord Rosebery:

Say! John a word in your ear. Dinna gie us sae much of the porridge when you write of Scotland and Scotsmen.

I might—but I'm no gaun to—speak of herring gutted, periwinkle eating Cockneys, but there is your feelings to think of.

I might draw a picture of a Cockney rampant, armed with a pin, trying to coax a whelk out of its shell, but there again I might hurt your feelings.

I might tell of Englishmen—but hold on a bit, I am forgetting it is the Cockney I am dealing with, and the Lord only knows what nationality he is. Whisper, John, he might be Scotch.

But coming back to the porridge. Who won Bannockburn? Porridge! Who won Waterloo? Bill Adams? No! Little Tich? Haldane? General Booth?—or, great heavens! how could I have overlooked him!—Winston Churchill, our only Winston. Talk of porridge; what price Winston's marmalade? Up with the bonnets o' bonnie Dundee.

Coming back to our Scotch—Miss, with one lump please!

Talking of porridge. What does Shakespeare say of porridge? You may ask Dr. Owen. What are the Turks saying of porridge? Ask Smyth-Pigott.

Then look at what Harry Lauder says of porridge. What doesn't he say? But why labour the point; there is nothing in the world like porridge, except more porridge.

MAC THISTLE.

FRIED SAUSAGES.

BY LANCING.

The crowd cheered wildly as he mounted the wagon, from which the horses had already been removed.

The carman who led them away was bleeding freely from a gash in his forehead.

Inside the railway station all was in order. The soldiers, sleeping in the parcel office, turned on their pillows as the shouts from outside reached them lying on their hard beds, but no order rang out down the gas-lit platform.

"Comrades and fellow-workers," he began, as he stood up on the floor of the wagon.

"What's your job anyway?" shouted a burly carter who stood near his temporary platform, employing the eternal adjective to qualify the substantive "job."

"My job, my friend," he replied, looking his questioner more or less in the face, "is, at the present moment, to try and awaken in your breasts the clarion call of the worker oppressed. If as 'ow" (really the aspirates he quarrelled with were remarkably few), "if as 'ow you doubt that I, too, toil for my daily bread by the sweat of my brow, look at these here 'ands of mine. Examine for yourselves, with your own eyes these 'ands, soiled perhaps with the stain of labour; but honest hands, I claim, honest and 'ard working 'ands."

Their dirtiness, plainly visible under the electric lamp swinging above him, appeared to satisfy the mob. Fortunately for him, they saw not how soft was the condition of the hands held out to them.

"I want," he continued, "to put courage into the 'earts of any waverers here assembled together to-night. I want to uplift with the spirit of self-sacrifice any of those present who feel that they themselves are not a-going personally to benefit much by this here strike."

He swung round with a dramatic gesture to those who stood behind him, a gesture evidently learned by many nights of laborious practice.

"Comrades," he resumed, bringing a fist heavily down into his extended palm, "the whole spirit of capitalisation is wrong. I believe, for my part, that those as build the fine mansions, the beautiful 'ouses, should live in the finest of dwelling places themselves. I, myself, live in a blanked row of hovels that would fall down if you was to take away the wall papers."

The jest was well received. Perhaps the coarse word with which he pointed it was responsible for some of the laughter. At least, the crowd roared its approbation.

Feeling that he held his audience, he continued pouring out his well-learned formula, as if he himself had faith in it.

"And I believe," he went on, spitting viciously on the shafts of the wagon, "that them as makes the fine raiment, the beautiful velvets and silks, should wear the finest of clothing. What clothes do you all wear?"

He paused dramatically.

"Rags. Stinking rags," he answered himself triumphantly.

The mob appeared to glory in his insults. With the cunning of his class, he noted it, and continued in the same vein.

"What would you look like in a droring-room, brothers? Pigs, and you would be'ave as such. And I'll tell you for why. Because you ain't got no edication. You are as the beasts of the field, except that you do toil, you spin with the sweat of your brows."

The slightly mixed metaphor did not displease the crowd. It caught words, phrases, which were dimly familiar, and it felt, if it thought at all, that here indeed was an orator sprung from among the people.

His voice droned on.

The crowd pressed closer around him.

"Look at the food as you eat."

A long discourse followed on the tables of the rich.

"And you, you eat margarine—wagon grease. Your palates don't know no better. You eat filth and you like it, and you will continue so to do, so long as the heel of the oppressor grinds you in your poverty. I tell you this. Those that prepare the dainty foods are those as should enjoy 'em."

The mob hung breathlessly on his words.

"Wot about the women. 'Ow are we to continue striking when the missus is naggin' for you to go back to work? Answer me that," demanded the burly person, who had interrupted him before.

"The women!"

The orator's scorn was magnificent.

He held up a warning finger.

"Do you mean to tell me, Comrade, as 'ow you can't

manage your women? Do you mean to inform me and this here assembly gathered together to-night that you can't master in your own house?"

A coarse jest, and, with the cheers of the mob ringing in his ears, he concluded. "I tell you, Comrades, that the man as is not master in his own house is a poor thing, a pitiable thing. How can he overthrow his oppressors, his employers?"

With a final exhortation to stand firm, he climbed down.

The cheers were deafening as he pushed his way through the crowd, clapping a hand here and there and receiving many a cordial thump on his sloping shoulders.

Waiting only to accept as many offers of a drink as were forthcoming, he started for home.

As he reached the corner of the eminently respectable street in which he lived, a woman stopped him. Drawing aside her thin shawl to expose for a second the baby at her breast, a baby with such an old, old face, she begged him of his charity for the price of a little food.

Glancing around quickly, to see that he was not observed, he pushed her roughly aside.

"It's swine like you," he said brutally, "what causes the working man to be downtrodden. Charity! Ugh! What we want is Justice. 'Ere out of my way. Quick! March!"

He left her feebly cursing him, and, a little lower down the street, entered his own door.

A ponderously built woman, who towered above his puny height, met him in the narrow passage that served as a hall.

"You're late," she said, as he followed her into the kitchen. "What d'yer mean by it?"

"My dear, don't go and upset of yourself. We 'ad a most enthusiastic meeting, outside the station. I came as soon as I had finished, never even waited for a drink."

His breath gave him the lie, but he smiled up at her sheepishly.

He sniffed hungrily at the sausages and bacon hissing in the frying-pan on the fire.

"Smells good," he remarked cheerily, looking up at his wife out of the corner of a shifty eye.

"It is," she replied, curtly, "but it ain't for you. Shut your great mouth," she went on warningly, seeing that he was about to speak, "I was in the crowd to-night and 'eard you. Very eloquent you was, I'm sure. Them as prepares the food is to eat it. Good. Blank good. Well, I 'ave prepared of these 'ere sausages, so I'm a-going to eat them. Then I 'eard your remarks about women. I'll learn you I'm master 'ere, in this 'ouse."

"But, my dear——" he interrupted feebly.

"Get to bed."

"My love——"

She took up the poker and advanced towards him. A moment later and the bedroom door banged behind him.

GOOD BYE, SUMMER.

Summer, good-bye!—I say it without pain,
And welcome Winter's chill approach again;
For, though my nose assumes a ruddier hue,
And chilblains turn my toes and fingers blue,
Though constant sniffing punctuates my speech,
And frequent sneezes startle those about me,
Though handkerchiefs must ever be in reach,
And influenza does its best to "out" me—
I'll suffer all without a single sigh—

Summer, good-bye!

Summer, good-bye!—The woes that winter brings
Are bad enough, 'tis true, but free from stings;
The biting frost that lays the flowers flat
Is far less painful than the screaming gnat
That through the summer night imbibes my gore
And in the morning leaves huge bumps behind it,
And through the day digests its sanguine store,
Eluding my enraged attempts to find it;
You also take with you the maddening fly—

Summer, good-bye!

Summer, good-bye!—though winter days are drear,
The wasps, at least, don't tumble in our beer,
Nor crawl about the jam, while we, with knives,
Make desperate assaults upon their lives;
Nor do great spiders, on our bedroom wall,
And earwigs, with their formidable nippers,
Between our sheets and pillows nimbly crawl,
And sometimes even creep inside our slippers—
Yes, give me Winter, whether wet or dry—
Summer, good-bye!

What Do You Know About Business?

An article of far-reaching importance to all who are engaged in business.
Useful alike to the Clerk, the Salesman, the Traveller, the Manager, or the
Proprietor of any Business, large or small.

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer, in an off-handed sort of way: "Why, I am *in* Business—I am a Business man. I know all about Business—or I ought to do so."

Aye, there's the rub! He *ought* to do. But does he? Let me put the same question to you.

How much do *you* know about Business? Unless you are a rare and brilliant exception—you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination, that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet without this Business knowledge your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire To.

It is only necessary to look around, to read the daily papers, to listen to the gossip of the day, to realise that in no department of life into which intelligent men put sound knowledge and ability and "sticking in" qualities are the rewards so sure, so soon realised, and so lasting as in the great and increasingly-important world of Business.

Now what do *you* know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Book-keeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand a profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know the law as it specially affects your own particular trade, business or calling? Do you understand the manufacturing of the goods you are concerned with or that the firm that employs you is concerned with? Do you know anything at all about manufacturing? Do you know how to figure depreciations? How to check leakage? Do you understand time-keeping systems?

You do not? Not thoroughly and authoritatively? Yet

These Things are Business Knowledge.

Do you know much about the Income Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up? Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you understand clearly what a Bankruptcy definition is? Or what the goodwill of a business really means? Do you know about cheques and banking and bills of all sorts? Do you understand the difference between Insurance and Assurance?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Do you know anything about big selling schemes? How to create a demand for any special article? How to meet competition? Do you understand the mail order business? Or how to hire and to coach and to deal with salesmen?

Do you know anything about advertising? Would you know how to engineer separately a national advertising appeal and a local appeal?

Yet these matters are Business Knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and com-

plete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now what are you to do?

You must get the "Business Encyclopedia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. If you are young the use of the "Business Encyclopedia" makes you proficient in

The Knowledge that is Your Stock-in-Trade.

If you are older, its use gives you the confidence founded on sound information, to enable you to act on your own business ideas.

It contains hundreds of business articles written by the most successful Business men of the day. Amongst these are: Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director Lipton Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage, John Lawrie (Managing-Director William Whiteley Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons, H. G. Selfridge, J. H. Rosenthal (Managing-Director Babcock and Wilcox, Ltd.), Warcham Smith (Advertisement Director of the *Daily Mail*).

The "Business Encyclopedia" deals with nothing but business, but it treats of this important subject fully and completely and authoritatively.

TWO OPINIONS

Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:

"The volume has already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise our commercial friends to purchase the work."

A CLERK'S OPINION:

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Courtman Road, London, N.1: "I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopedia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

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The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—which will be sent to you **POST FREE**. It gives the names of the Business articles written above, and it tells you all about the "Business Encyclopedia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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.....

A NOTTINGHAM "PHILANTHROPIST."

BY OUR SPECIAL PROVINCIAL COMMISSIONER.

MR. JARDINE, M.P., AND HIS WORKPEOPLE'S ELYSIUM—
AN EXTRAORDINARY BOOK—STRANGE LETTER OF
CONDOLENCE—INSTRUCTIONS TO FOREMEN.

There is in the City of Nottingham a firm owned by Mr. Ernest Jardine, M.P. There are several factories under his control, and all are perfect Elysiums. Everything is so nice in them. Prizes are offered for the cleanest "shops," and machinery, and there are clubs and classes galore, mess-rooms, sick fund, recreation grounds, libraries, swimming-baths, free medical advice and a club for work-people, membership of which costs only twopence per month. The manufacturer encourages his employes to attend evening classes at the University, also the local branch of the Y.M.C.A. He has kindly offered to pay half the subscription for any of his young men and youths who would like to join; also he "gives to any of his workpeople who obtain prizes at the University, prizes equal in value to those awarded."

Somehow or other, however, he is not popular, either among his employes or his fellow townsmen. At least, I judge so from the fact that he had to go carpet-bagging to Somersetshire to get a seat at the last election.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BOOK.

There emanates from Jardine's works a most extraordinary book, containing particulars of the "Institutions" there, and for a specimen of literary drivel I have never seen its equal. The copy I have is dated 1906, and I am told that the later editions have merely been brought up-to-date so far as regards figures and totals, the body remaining unaltered. The brochure is simply "Mr. Jardine" from one end to the other. Mr. Jardine gives prizes to the children of his employes who are top of their classes at school. His generosity so staggered the Education Committee of the city that they wrote him a letter of appreciation, which he evidently thinks his people ought to see—so it is fully set out.

Following this is a statement showing what it has cost Mr. Jardine for six years, and it works out at an average of £2 7s. per annum. That seems to be a lot of appreciation at very small expense.

Of this book, by the way, his subordinates strenuously deny having had any hand in the preparation, and I don't blame them. Here are a few extracts from "Instructions to Foremen":

Look after the interest of your employer in all things, for you are employed to make money for your employer and if you cannot do it he will not require your services very long.

Don't make excuses: you can't invent any that Mr. Jardine has not heard before.

Never start a person over 45 years of age without a special permit from Mr. Jardine in writing.

Discharge money-lenders. The man who readily lends shillings is a sly creature, but find him out and sack him.

Discharge betting men and boys. Bookmakers and backers.

Discharge Trades Unionists—if you should ever find any about the place. Our works are open to Free Labour only.

There are two pages of this sort of stuff for a man to digest! There is an anomaly about the borrowing business, however. A bit further on in the book there is a statement that Mr. Jardine receives deposits for profit sharing at 5 per cent., and along the bottom of the page in large type occurs the following: "Mr. Jardine regrets that there are not more small deposits. He would much rather see ten deposits of £5 each than one of £100"—so if a man lends his work-mate a shilling he gets sacked, whereas if he lends it to Mr. Jardine he gets patted on the back.

A STRANGE LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

During the year 1900, there died a gentleman who had been in the firm's employ for forty years, and Mr. Jardine wrote a letter of condolence to the widow. Now a letter of condolence is, in my estimation, an almost sacred thing, and, coming from Mr. Jardine as a testimony of the deceased's sterling service, was doubtless appreciated. Mr. Jardine, however, was so proud of the fact that he had written it that he published it *in extenso* six years afterwards. I do not know if this precious epistle is still appearing in the book, but, at any rate, it surely would have been better to leave the widow alone in her sorrow instead of digging up the past in this way.

SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUMS.

DO YOU AGREE WITH ITALY'S ACTION?

SUPPOSITITIOUS REPLIES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Having addressed to the undermentioned individuals the burning question, "Do you agree with Italy's action towards Turkey; if not, why not—and if so, why?" we have received the following profoundly interesting replies:—

FROM MISS MARIE CORELLI:—

Most emphatically no! Not only is the idea of war abhorrent to my super-sensitive temperament (the penalty of genius) but in the present case there is added a poignant element of grief which cuts me to the quick. The Duke of the Abruzzi's life is endangered. Were he to fall, the delicious love romance that exists between him, the scion of a kingly house, and Miss Elkin, the beautiful daughter of an American plutocrat, would be brought to a pitiful, a heart-rending close. This, in my opinion, is an all-sufficient reason for the prompt intervention of the Powers. Stop the war!—Yours, in tears, MARIE CORELLI.

FROM THE REV. F. B. MEYER:—

Need you ask? I succeeded in stopping the Johnson-Wells fight, and have publicly prayed for the conversion of the intended combatants. I therefore have a right to call myself a peacemaker, and accordingly feel myself blessed. It is a nice feeling and I am anxious to feel some more of it. To which end I am preparing a petition to each of the Powers involved, and am organising a special service, to be followed by a prayer meeting (all are welcome) for next Sunday. If this fails to bring the combatants to their senses, I shall take out summonses against the Italian and Turkish Ambassadors, requiring them to show cause why, etc., etc.—Yours enthusiastically, F. B. MEYER.

FROM MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST:—

Italy has my hearty support. I know next to nothing about the merits of the case, but welcome anything—war, pestilence, or any other horrors you like, so long as the emancipation of the women of Turkey from the base thralldom of the harem is likely to result. There is only one burning question in the world to-day—the freeing of woman from the tyranny of man. The crushing of Turkey means the opening of the harem door. Go it, Italy!—Yours militantly, CHRISSY.

FROM MR. GEORGE CADBURY:—

Whilst my peaceful sentiments are shocked and outraged by Italy's precipitate and unprovoked attack upon Turkey, as a business man I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that a stoppage in the supply of Turkish coffee may result in an increase in the sale of Cadbury's Cocoa, which, I may remind you, is a soluble essence, and a most suitable beverage for the autumn and winter seasons.

I am pleased to say the circulation of the *Daily News* has increased considerably since hostilities broke out. Yours, with mixed feelings, GEORGE CADBURY.

FROM MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW:—

Yes, and no.—Yes, because Italy's action confirms my opinion—originally put forward tentatively by Carlyle—that the bulk of mankind are fools, and all philosophers welcome concrete illustrations of their theories. No, because Italy's illustration has the defect of being a caricature, proving mankind to be even greater fools than I had imagined. Extreme illustrations damage the soundest theories. Not being a smoker, the Turkish side of the question does not concern me.—Yours paradoxically, G. BERNARD SHAW.

FROM MR. HALL CAINE:—

I am sorry to say I cannot accede to your request. I am at the moment writing a three-column article on the question for the *Daily Telegraph*, and dare not dissipate my energies.—Yours booming, HALL CAINE.

FROM LORD MILNER:—

Let 'em fight it out—and damn the consequences.

MILNER.

For "Northern Terrors" Prospectus, see page 541.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

How to Teach Yourself to Play.

Have you ever wished you could play a musical instrument? Or, if you do already play, have you ever wished you could play a little better? Have you ever wished you could sing better, could use your voice to its utmost possibilities? It is to help you to do one or all of these that the "Musical Educator" is designed, and that it does help you is proved by the thousands of readers who have bought it and are satisfied with it. Although you can obtain it for a first payment of only 1s. 6d., it is written by many of the greatest authorities, for instance:—

MARK HAMBOURG,

on "The Piano and How to Play it."

EDWIN H. LEMARE,

on "The Art of Organ Playing."

Madame MARCHESI,

on "The Teaching of Singing."

JOHN DUNN,

on "Playing the Violin," and

Sir F. H. COWEN,

on "The Art of Conducting."

These are only five out of many other sections, but whatever you want to know about Music, you can learn it from the "Musical Educator." If you have any interest in Music, you will find it an inestimable advantage, while if you are head of a family you should buy it for the sake of your children. At any rate, you should send a card to us to-day for an interesting booklet telling all about it. The booklet will show you just what the "Musical Educator" is and just how it can help you in the Art that is beyond all others—the Art of Music. We have no space here to tell you half of the value of the "Musical Educator," but we think the following letters, which are only samples of hundreds of others, will help you to realise its worth.

TWO OPINIONS.

Sir J. FREDERICK BRIDGE (Organist at Westminster Abbey) says:

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First Payment 2/6 only.

Lord Morley once said that it was a matter for regret that there are so many houses in England—some of considerable social pretension—where you will not find a good Encyclopædia of Reference. "That is a very discreditable fact," he said, "because I defy anybody to take up a single copy of the newspaper and not come upon something in it upon which if his interest in the affairs of the day were active, intelligent, and alert as it ought to be, he would consult a Cyclopædia of Reference."

If you agree with Lord Morley as to the necessity for an Encyclopædia, you will be wise to send the Coupon at the foot of this column for a free booklet about the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia." For Chambers's is the only work that really fulfils this purpose. It is the only work at a moderate price that can be depended on for reliable information on any and every subject. It consists of ten Handsome Half-Leather Volumes, 200,000 subjects, with cross-references, 8,000 pages of new, clear type, written by 1,000 contributors of world-wide distinction. There are 4,000 engravings, superbly reproduced, and 50 magnificent maps. There are also over 50 coloured plates, the finest ever produced in connection with any work of reference. Its contributors include 1,000 of the most famous men of our time. Yet you can get the latest edition of the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia" for a first payment of 2s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly instalments.

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Readers will be glad of the opportunity now offered of learning more about the great prose epics of Balzac, and, by sending the coupon below, of ascertaining, free of cost, how they can receive a specially selected edition of his best works for a small first payment of only 2s. 6d.

This edition has been expressly selected by Mr. Clement Shorter, editor of the *Sphere*, to provide a representative edition at a moderate cost.

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This is his choice:—

Cousin Bette.	The Lily of the Valley.
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Eugenie Grandet.	

WHAT "UNEXPURGATED" MEANS.

"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a purring attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interests of Mrs. Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it.

"Altogether it would be impossible to speak too highly of the excellence of translation of this edition of Balzac's novels."

The whole forms 14 fine volumes, handsomely bound in green and gold. The illustrations are by many of the foremost French artists, and the frontispieces are etchings printed from copper-plates. The originals were exhibited in the Salon.

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CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

BY OUR TAME PHRENOLOGIST.

IX.—JOHN BURNS.

Sir, I'm delighted to see you. . . . I had feared that your severely practical mind might disdain to place any credence in the science of phrenology. . . . Simply curiosity? . . . Quite so. . . . And why not? . . . Curiosity makes the world go forward, if it does not make it go round.

It is a pleasure to handle your head, sir. I envy your barber. He is a privileged person. It is— Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses? . . . By all means.

First let me run through the catalogue of your Propensities.

Amativeness, normal—as befits a man. . . . *Philoprogenitiveness*—well, sir, you are a great lover of children on that I will stake my professional reputation. . . . *Concentrativeness*—ah, um,—your career and your upper-crust both confirm your possession of this faculty to a high degree. . . . *Adhesiveness*, sister of the last mentioned faculty, is equally well-developed. . . . Your bump of *Combativeness* is particularly prominent, but, strange to say, of its usual accompaniment, *Destructiveness*, I can find little or no trace. . . . *Acquisitiveness* is fairly well marked—er, pardon me, sir, but may not this account for your purchase, at the cost of a thousand pounds, of your celebrated folio Shakespeare? . . . *Constructiveness* completes the tale of your propensities. Its healthy activity gave us, I doubt not, the Town Planning Bill, and will shortly give us, I trust, a much more important measure in the promised Milk Bill.



Your range of well-developed sentiments is very large. I find *Self-esteem* fairly well developed. *Love of Approbation* is very moderate—a hem! *Cautiousness* stands out well. *Benevolence* is large. *Veneration*—er, well, there is some

veneration . . . not over much, to be sure . . . but, as Shakespeare says, 'twill serve, ha, ha!

Your bump of *Firmness* could not be missed or mistaken by the veriest phrenological tyro. It is a fine, upstanding cranial excrescence, which, I'll warrant, has served you well. . . . *Conscientiousness* you have to no slight degree—although, I freely admit, it is possible to find some shortsighted people who will deny you that quality, pointing to your early pronouncements as regards the monetary value of a man, and your present position in the Cabinet, with a salary of £5,000 a year. . . . But there again your bump of *Acquisitiveness* has something to say in the matter.

Of *Hope* you have a large share; *Ideality*, so essential to the constructive statesman, is distinctly present; and *Wit*, though a little commonplace in outline, perhaps, swells obviously on your forehead.

Can I say something bad of you? . . . My dear sir, I can only speak as I find. It is your bumps that talk, not me. I am a mere interpreter. . . . You don't like so much sugar? . . . Quite so. . . . Don't want me to make you feel too self-satisfied? . . . You wait a moment, sir; I have not yet examined your Intellectual Faculties. . . . *Colour* and *Tune* are, I find, very small; but *Individuality*, *Form*, *Size*, *Weight*, *Locality*, *Number*, *Order*, *Eventuality*, *Time*, and *Language*, are all strongly pronounced. *Comparison*, too, and *Casuality*—especially the latter—are good both as regards size and shape.

I am sorry to disappoint you, sir, but I really cannot find any feature in your head to criticise adversely. You have one of the most level, compact, and serviceable brains I have ever had to deal with. I congratulate you, and the Government, whose lump you to a certain extent leaven with your businesslike temperament. . . . Thank you, sir; much obliged, I'm sure. . . . Good day. . . . And, er, don't delay that Milk Bill, ha, ha!

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

[Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.]

BY MOORE ANKING.

14E, TIDDLER TERRACE,
TOTTENHAM.

DEAR JANNIT,—If there's one thing I like more than another it is one of your loving letters. I don't know how anybody could make out your scrawl, dear, without feeling a long-abiding inward joy. Straight, a note from you makes me feel as cheerful as I did when our kitchen plaster came down wallop on the landlord. Mother says one of your letters does her more good than a box of anty-bill-yus. And we do have such fun with the spelling.

Fancy you thinking of marriage, dear. It don't seem nacheral. What I mean to say, it seems a risk for such a young girl, 'cause when you're dressed and have your face clean and your boots on you don't look a day over thirty-six.

I can't make out though why you want to marry a person that wears those kilt things. Of course, dear, you might save by cutting your frocks down for him, but I don't see how he could wear other things of yours.

Still, dear, p'raps everything's for the best. Father used to say 'The darkest cloud has frills and lining.' And if you've found somebody or something, so to speak, who's willing to share your lot, such as it is, it don't seem right for anybody else to interfere, as I might say.

I s'pose, dear, you'll be having a honeymoon, weather per-mitting. One of the Terrace ladies comes in at times to borrow mother's floor-cloth, and I've heard ma tell about her first honeymoon, and how father took lodgings a couple of streets away from where they'd been living. S'far's I can make out father and mother left early next morning, so their honeymoon needn't have cost 'em a penny. Of course, dear, mother had plenty of money in those days, so, not wanting to be thought mean, she left some coppers on the wash-stand. But as father took the old lady's clock as a wedding present, there wasn't much to grumble at.

Mind you, dear, I'm telling all this for your good. It only shows how young married people can keep down expenses if they're quick.

That shilling I owe you hasn't been forgot, Jannit, love. I thought of spending part of it to buy you a wedding gift. Taking one thing with another, I should think a pair of bellows would come in useful, 'cause if you kept 'em handy you could always give your john a good blowing up when you felt like it and the neighbours wouldn't be any the wiser. I should have cane-seated chairs in the kitchen, then you could any time teach him a lesson.

Of course, dear, you and the person you're about to snatch may be happy enough together for anything I know; though I wouldn't have him at any price. Still I should try to agree if I was you. My poor father used to say Fighting's best left alone, but if you've got to fight always make sure of things before you start, 'cause you can't fill a thin purse with a thick ear. So I think we may leave it at that.

Everything's nice and homely here at Tottenham, though I may get sent for any minnit now. I heard say that Lady Floss has bought another bassynet and a couple of trailers, so that looks as if I shall be wanted before long.

The young gentleman I'm paying my respects to wishes you every happiness he can think of, so if you get that for a start there ought to be more to follow.

Well, Good-bye for the present, dear. Think of me on your honeymoon if you have one. Sorry I can't take part, but I shall be with you in spirit. x x x x x

Your loving friend and well-wisher,
JANE ANN.

READERS OF JOHN BULL, Mrs. Bull, and Lotinga's Weekly in country or remote districts in which there are no news-agents, and who would be willing to become local sales agents for these papers, are invited to apply for particulars to Circulation Manager, JOHN BULL Offices, 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE II. OF COVER.



Inauguration of a Great Enterprise.

"Perfected Cocoa for Health and Strength." **INTENSE PUBLIC ENTHUSIASM.**

The New Drink-Diet on Unparalleled Success.

CEREMONIAL OPENING OF MR. SANDOW'S NEW PREMISES.

For a week past the public has been on the tiptoe of expectation concerning Mr. Sandow's latest enterprise. Ever since the news leaked out that the famous Health Expert was producing a new "drink-diet" interest has increased until it reached culminating point last Monday with the opening of what the leading newspapers describe as "a palatial block of business premises," embracing a floor space of 140,000 square feet." A representation of the building appears above.

The opening ceremony was attended by a large and influential gathering of notabilities, including representatives of the great newspapers. The Press has from the first followed Mr. Sandow's new enterprise with the closest interest.

Mr. Sandow has made it quite clear to the public that his new Cocoa—or, as he himself so aptly terms it, "Drink-Diet"—is something quite different from ordinary Cocoa.

"Not that it is a medicated cocoa, or that it contains any ingredient other than pure Cocoa," said he. "No, it is due to a very different and very special process of manufacture that the qualities of my Cocoa are developed to such an extraordinary degree."

"In fact, development is the secret. Hitherto, Cocoa has not

attained that perfection of development which my experience proves to me is essential to make it an entirely suitable food-beverage for body, brain, and nerve. There were difficulties of digestion which precluded many people from using ordinary Cocoa; there was too high a percentage of fat and of innutritious waste material. By improving upon the process of manufacture (and especially the process of grinding) to a degree of fineness hitherto unattainable these drawbacks are eliminated in my 'HEALTH AND STRENGTH COCOA.'"

The benefits of Mr. Sandow's new drink-diet here summarised are so numerous and substantial that they will appeal irresistibly to every class of the community.

FIRST.—The Cocoa contains a higher percentage of the most valuable tissue-building elements.

SECOND.—The Cocoa is perfectly easy of digestion, and its restorative and stimulating effects are immediate.

THIRD.—The Cocoa possesses an aroma and flavour which are simply exquisite, and developed to the highest degree by patented machinery.

FOURTH.—The Cocoa is most economical owing to the fact that it bulks more than other cocoas, and therefore yields more cups of beverage.

Notwithstanding that it was clearly stated that for a few days the available supply of SANDOW'S HEALTH AND STRENGTH COCOA was strictly limited, the demand has been simply overwhelming.

Every post brings shoals of urgent orders from the Trade and the Public, and the capacity of the Staff at New Kent-road has been strained to the utmost.

It has, however, been impossible to meet the demands of the past week, but now that the premises are fully equipped and the productive capacity extended, Mr. Sandow confidently anticipates that it will be possible to deal with orders promptly. All orders are executed in strict rotation. Place your order without delay with your local grocer or store (who should be in a position to supply you from to-day onwards). But if you experience the least difficulty in securing supplies locally, you can order direct from the Head Office (using the Coupon appended) and receive your supply of Cocoa by post and post free.

.....Cut along this dotted line.....J.S.

SUPPLY COUPON

To MR. EUGEN SANDOW,
5 to 21, New Kent-road, London, S.E.

Please send me by post (and post free).....of Sandow's Health and Strength Cocoa, for which I enclose Postal Order to the value of.....

SIGNED.....
Full Postal Address.....

*State quantity required.
For 1lb. tins send P.O. 2/6;
for 1lb. send P.O. and stamps
1/3; for 1lb. send P.O. and
stamps, 7d.

AUTUMN.

BY JIM CROW.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

What a contented dog I am! When everybody was sweltering and sweating and swearing (*es wasset und siedet und brauset und zischt*) over the tropicalisation of England, I alone was unperturbed. I removed my raiment and revelled in the burning heat. I tamed wasps. I sang in the sunshine. All to the grave annoyance of cold-blooded cormorants, who sigh for shivers in the dog-days, then crave for blanketty cuddles at the first whisper of frost.

BE GOOD AND YOU WILL BE SAPPY.

And now that leaves have begun to drift earthward from Valombrosa in dreamy, drowsy, rubescent showers, when the year is senescent, when sap scarcely moves, when bears foresee hibernation, I, the Optimist, begin to live. My year always begins on the Feast of Saint Michael and All Angels—not because that is my birthday, but because I was transfigured at that equinox fourteen years ago. Ergo, the unlucky thirteen are overpast, and I anticipate the ending of the anguish of Zion. In other words, Michaelmas is the close time for angels.

SENESCENT SATISFACTIONS.

Nothing appeals like autumn to the lust of the eyes. A sentimental marriage of blue sea and blue sky, a sobbing moon, Virginia creepers as bridesmaids, caressing chalcidony chrysanthemums and mild Michaelmas daisies for bridal coronals, corn and oil and harvest-homes for the *leit-motif* of the wedding-march—oho the fruition of fecundity! We are not yet face to face with the shivered timbers of winter, naked trees, frozen wrecks, all the inevitable imminence of the ice-pack. Saint Martin provides us with an afterglow of summer, crudities of colour have grown mellow and asperities of temper agree with the change. In other words, there may be good going for the Cambridge-shire, if not for the Cesarewitch. Hornet's Beauty may defy Ould Hornie.

THE GOLDEN SEASON.

Autumn brings regular hours, normal conditions, lasting affections, the enjoyment of old port, equity, benevolence. No further need to take a siesta on divans during long afternoons, with the *Daily Mail* over your face to avert flies. No necessity to turn night into day, sleep on the house-tops, spoil the stomach with iced lager, seek solace among park pests. Long mixtures of ice and gin and ginger-beer are at last taboo. Flies and crawling creatures are in full retreat. Anger and irritation are blotted out. Autumn is the august season of reconciliation. The young man's fancy may, or may not, turn lightly towards love in the merry, merry spring. But for real, lasting devotion he must await what vulgar Yankees call the Fall. Then the prodigals return, the most gracious condescends, days of vintage dawn.

THE GENIAL PERIOD.

Autumn is the true spring of life. The trees no longer pour forth sap, but men tread grapes. Diffidence surrenders to satisfaction. The joy of the tavern is blessed by the harvest-moon, the October brew is the best brew of all, the last rose of summer and the departing swallow herald kisses in the conservatory, songs and grace and gracious people and thank-offerings at large. How good it is to be alive when autumn sheds his soothing smiles. I suppose I must be drawing near to the autumnal period of my life, for I look upon the world and find it very good. In my spring-time, I fought beasts at Ephesus, I quarrelled with my best friends, I cultivated austere condescension with all the insufferable majesty of youth. I believed in the wrong people, I mistrusted fossilised philanthropists. When I grew up to realise that my summer had come, I tried not to regret my misspent spring. But my attempts to perpetuate youth were those of the clown-elephant. Now, however, I am endeavouring to combine the wisdom and amiability of approaching age with the zeal of bygone energy. They afford a fine omelet, almost an olla podrida,

from which the naughty, smacking smell of physiological garlic may not be excluded altogether. Autumn has taught me toleration and a generous use of leaves to cover my naked emotions. I know I am not really a very tolerable person. The knowledge has come late, but it has enabled me to make allowances for others. At this maudlin rate, I shall soon be saying a good word for Austen Chamberlain and inky trousers, or pretending that Rudyard Kipling could write plausible stories about school-boys. As Macduff or somebody said, "Hold! enough!"

THE GAMUT OF GASTRONOMY.

Let us be practical for a moment or two. It is only the approach of autumn which enables you to enjoy decent dinners. You may put in a plea for baby-lamb, but that is the only excuse for spring from the gastronomical standpoint—and then you may be put off with Canterbury, which does not happen to be as bad as it sounds transpontine. In the summer, every culinary artist sighs for the advent of game. What can the poor wretch do with dreary salmon and aged hens and salacious ptarmigan? Then all of a sudden, at the approach of autumn, he is overwhelmed with an embarrassment of riches—luscious grouse, larded partridges, larded pheasants, all the gamut of gastronomy. Who knows whether George V. or I will be the first to like a plover's egg? But I must be content to rejoice over the wealth of fruit, which a normal autumn offers at our altars. I have not yet written about fruit, but I must do so without long delay. It is not sustaining, perhaps, but what ethereal emotion is other than craving, divinely exhausting? Kisses are not sustaining, but we prefer them above rubies. Even a green fig, or a peach steeped in *crème de Kirsch*, or a nectarine at sunrise cannot compare with the chuckle of the Beloved. Fruits can no more be purchased in this island than love can be mortgaged where human nature remains undefiled by plutocracy. If you want the rhapsody of fruit, you must hie you to Venice and suck mulberries in a gondola which drifts through uttermost lagoons. Or else you must defy the young man in the parade, sell all you have and buy ancestral estates with walled gardens and primeval hot-houses and beds, which bring forth strawberries tasting like pine-apples. Even then, none of your emotions will conceivably compare with that of seeking wild strawberries in the Ardennes under the ægis of Her Holiness.

THE FIRES OF AUTUMN.

How deplorable it is that I can never write on any subsidiary subject, such as a season or a virtue or a pack of cards, without drifting into the only treasure-house which matters. Start me like a tee-to-tum and expect me to gyrate or illustrate colours or curse Cromwell, and I always become the boomerang which preaches reverence for Her Holiness and the sacrament of good cheer. How deplorable, but how natural! What are ambition, self, patriotism, party politics, genuflexions, symbolism, least of all health, in comparison with a smile from the Princess? I am not sure that these sentiments are very autumnal, but they may be, for they are the only catholic faith, and except a man believe it implicitly, without doubt he shall perish long before the Christmas of his days.

THE POETRY OF AUTUMN.

Almost my only shortcoming is that I cannot write poetry. I want to write an epic to Autumn. I know that this is impossible, but I might live an epic if only the Beloved would hold my hand. How far better to live than to write! Our writings, though as marvellous as mine, are inscribed on tablets which may not last more than a few thousand years. But surely, love is immortal. It may appear to pass away: it can never be wholly extinguished. Children may help to perpetuate it. Children, however, would create anxieties and might reproduce all the worst throwbacks of heredity. Strong feelings, however, may be strong enough to live for ever. Helen of Troy has left her impress upon the world. So have Héloïse and Lady Hamilton and other doubtful persons. Still more the great sacrificial lovers of history, like Draga of Serbia, and conquering, triumphant lovers like Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia. Theirs were autumnal loves, stronger than death.

PROSIT!

A toast to autumn as a respite from æstival persecutions. If we all live long enough, you shall hear my welcome to winter.

FIELDING SMOLLETT.

Have you ever read any of the novels of Henry Fielding or Tobias Smollett? Perhaps you have never had the opportunity. Perhaps you know nothing about them. A prudish age has done its utmost to cover them up, to hide them, or, what is worse, to mutilate them. Yet they are amongst the most entertaining books ever written. Strong meat they certainly are, and not fit for babes, but that does not justify the emasculated editions which too often pretend to represent the work of these great writers. One of the great merits of the New Waverley Edition is that it is unabridged. Here the stories are given as they were written, not as some people think they should have been written. No reader worthy of the name likes to have his books edited for him, and so this is the Edition that appeals to all true readers. Then, the Illustrations by "Phiz" are an immense attraction in themselves as those who know this famous artist's work will be the first to admit.

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A STRAIGHT TALK TO AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, Home Secretary.

DEAR HOME SEC.,—Sorry to trouble you with another letter, but I am a bit worried. Last week the Baptist Union, at which the Rev. F. B. Meyer is a shining light, and of which he was proclaimed as "the great leader who has taught the champion of the world a new kind of knock-out blow," held a conference at Brighton. And in view of the fact that you have practically appointed the rev. gentleman and his friends censors of our amusements, I thought it would interest you to know the class of people who will in future supervise the programme of our fun. Here is a sample of the kill-joy into whose hands you have delivered us. According to the *Daily News*, the Rev. Charles Brown bitterly complained that "the spirit of our times is all in favour of an undue proportion of amusement and pleasure. You don't face a frowning world to-day, you face a laughing world. . . . Beware of the pleasure you cannot pray about." For heaven's sake, Winston, buck up, come back to your old form, and give these "miserable sinners" one of your old-fashioned knock-out blows.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. John Carter, Pusey House, Oxford.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—Just a few lines to express my regret that you should have got into trouble with a policeman—who says he saw you undress on the beach at West Lulworth and afterwards bathe in a condition of nature at 6.30 of the morning; says this is contrary to the by-laws of the Dorsetshire County Council; says several women passed in a boat at the time; says that he has had previous complaints from women who have seen you bathing in a similar manner; says—but, of course, I needn't tell you my opinion that if the women didn't want to see they needn't have looked. What is curious to me is that the policeman, having had all these complaints, did not warn you of the by-laws before you entered the water, for I assume you were not only in a state of nature, but in a state of innocence, and knew nothing whatever about them. Plutarch says somewhere, you will recall, that "all women are fair when the candles are out," and I haven't a doubt that all the clergy are alike when divested of their cloth. This being so, the policeman should not have had the slightest hesitation in approaching you—I will never believe you would have preached a sermon at him in your shirt; it would have been utterly contrary to clerical etiquette. Anyway, it is too late to argue the thing out now, and as you didn't appear at the Wareham Petty Sessions to answer the allegations against you, I wonder you were not severely dealt with. Personally, I am glad you got off on payment of costs, but for goodness sake don't do such things again, or those women who saw you will probably assemble their friends to come with them a-rowing and corroborate the evidence of each other.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Since writing above, I hear that cards for ladies' early-morning rowing parties are already out.

To the Editor of the "Daily Mail."

DEAR CONFREERE,—As your great journal is one of the very few enterprising and up-to-date newspapers in this country, I am sure you will forgive me for calling your attention to a strange oversight on the part of your sub-editor in your issue of Monday last. On the previous Saturday evening, despite the drenching rain, there was a meeting of 20,000 people in the Crystal Palace, to listen to a new gospel of political faith; and I happen to know that at such meeting at least two announcements of considerable practical moment were made. Don't you think the sub-editor should have found a corner just to mention the matter?

JOHN BULL.

Samuel, Postmaster-General, London.

Heartiest congratulations delivery postcard to Dobbins, Belfast, posted 1870. Got any telegrams from Napoleon Buonaparte to the Boy Scouts? Also hearty congratulations upon that wonderful joke of yours. — Saw an Ulsterman "Change his coat" in the train. Ha, ha—and likewise He, haw!

BULL.

Mr. Henry Holmes, late Treasurer, Co-operative Society, Choppington, Northumberland.

SIR,—For about thirty years you have had the confidence of the public as the Pooh-Bah of your district. You are, or have been, a member of the Bedlington Urban District Council, a teacher of music, a local preacher, and the treasurer of the Choppington Co-operative Society. By what process you became a member of the Urban District Council is somewhat of a mystery. Possibly the rate-payers were awed by the atmosphere of piety in which you moved, and the professions of religiousness which you made; certainly they could not have been impressed by the fact, supposing they knew, that some time previously you had been compelled to leave the service of the Council as rate collector in consequence of irregularities in your accounts. I think another of your appointments was that of checkweighman, but apparently you lost that by the normal processes of public disapproval.

What I am interested in most of all is the story of your career as secretary of the Choppington Co-operative Society, as revealed a few days ago at a special Court of the local Justices of Bedlington. At about 6.30 a.m. one morning, the day before the auditors were expected, you sent your daughter to the Society's secretary to say that a burglary had taken place at your house. The secretary called upon you, found the kitchen littered with papers, a roll-top desk in a state of disorder, and £688 missing from the safe. You suggested that the burglars had got in at the scullery window, but as the window was covered with cobwebs and the dust on the sill was undisturbed, the suggestion appealed as little to the police who had been called in to investigate as another one—that the burglars had come through the door without forcing it. Further examination revealed that they must have been either gentlemen of considerable demeanour or incredible carelessness, for it was found that while £688 had disappeared from one drawer in the safe, £700 in another, as easily accessible, was left intact. The conclusion was inevitable that the burglarious scene was faked and your account was a lie. In any case, sir, £688 was gone, and as subsequent auditing of your books disclosed transactions of a character indicating financial embarrassment, it was decided by the committee of the Society that the best place for you to tell the burglary story in was the police-court.

I congratulate you on the fact that you have been as fortunate in your judges as some people are fortunate in their biographers. But my immediate concern, sir, is your intentions with respect to the pulpiting. Let me beg of you no longer to masquerade in the cloak of hypocrisy as a man of religion. Leave such preaching as must be done to men with cleaner hands.

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable, Hull, Yorks.

DEAR MR. CHIEF,—Are you aware that, according to the *Eastern Morning News*, a member of your force, a pigeon-fancier in his way, recently caught one of his homing pigeons laying eggs; that he gave two of these eggs to a friend, who took them with him to Bournemouth to be hatched; that there they were hatched as arranged; but that no sooner were they equipped with the means of flight than they flew back to their parents at the home of the officer in Hull? I shall be much obliged if you will ascertain the name and number of the officer concerned in this homing industry, so that I may present him with one of my larger biscuits, recommend him for a gold medal to the Pigeon Fanciers' Society and the Guild of Veracity, and bring his eggs prominently to the attention of the War Office in order that they may be commandeered for the Intelligence Department. By so doing you will greatly oblige

JOHN BULL.

Andre Beaumont, Rheims, France.

Sorry you broke leg. But that's the worst of you airmen; you are always getting a drop too much.

BULL.

Ex-King Manoel, Richmond, England.

Should not at present return Portugal if I were you. Remember that easy lies the head which wears a hat.

BULL.

THE IRISH COMEDIANS.



CARSON: "We will *NO!* have Home Rule!"

REDMOND: "Ye'll have to!"

CARSON: "We will *NO!* We'll get a Parlyment av our own an' rule ourselves forst!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By VERAX.

The Stock Exchange is now pretty well insured to the exaggerated twaddle of the sensational Press, which dishes up daily some fresh developments, mostly of a discouraging nature, and accompanied by ominous comments. But values are now fairly maintained, partly owing to occasional "Bear" scares, while the man in the street, as well as the serious operator and investor, is beginning to realise that all the war and labour scares of the last three months leave matters very much where they were. The Berlin Bourse is still suffering from the German losses in *American Rails*, and the Paris Bourse is put out by the fall in *Coppers* and in *Tintos*, while both are waiting for the settlement of the Morocco question and the termination of the Italo-Turkish war. Then we are promised the return of the public to the markets and a general rise in prices. In the meantime, those will be wisest who read the signs of the times and act promptly. Take, for instance, the rise in prices in *Oil shares*, which I have foreshadowed for some time past. There are here still opportunities for handsome profits and dividends. *Rubbers* are under a temporary cloud, but *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* have retained part of their improvement, and will no doubt go ahead again. It is absurd to attach much importance to the *East Rand Prop.* fizzle. This is a solitary incident which has no bearing upon the rest of the Rand, advices from which are distinctly encouraging. As regards *Rhodesians*, some anonymous criticisms have appeared, the motive of which is transparent enough; but as the insufficient supply of labour has not stopped the increasing output of the producing mines, nor the adequate development of many rich coming mines, such comments can be disregarded, and in the meantime *Falcon Mines* at $1\frac{1}{2}$, *Amalgamated Props.* at 5s. 6d., *Antelope* at 6s., *Cam and Motor* at 20s., *Eldorado* at $3\frac{1}{4}$, *Shamba* at $4\frac{1}{2}$, and *Rhodesia Exploration* at $2\frac{1}{2}$, are very promising. *Thistle Etna* have risen $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 and are expected to reach $1\frac{1}{2}$.

American Rails have passed through their usual see-saw movements and have received another blow from an anti-Trust speech by Mr. Taft. Realisations by large New York interests appear to continue under the cover of manipulation. One day *Steel Common* are put up and *Rails* sold; another day *Rails* are hoisted and *Steels* sold, which are down again at 60 $\frac{1}{2}$. In the meantime the leading Wall Street financiers are lending money in Berlin and Paris, where there has been a great deal of hoarding. When this money is released we shall see things boom. The rise in *Canadian Pacifics* has been arrested, as the new capital is to be raised in debentures. Hence, as I foreshadowed, no present bonus in stock issues. By-the-way, a well-informed correspondent, cabling to me from Toronto, predicts an increased dividend on *Rio Trams* and a rise of 150. The shares are now improving at 118. *Mexican Rails* and *Mexican National* look more promising again. The *Buenos Ayres Great Southern* and *Central Argentine* dividends are maintained at 7 and 6 per cent. respectively, as I anticipated, and *Buenos Ayres Western* pay $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., an increase of $\frac{1}{2}$. *Home Rails* are still kept in check by fears of coal strikes and more labour troubles. By-the-way, I am asked to state that the Rt. Hon. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., has joined the board of the *Investment Registry, Limited*, taking the seat rendered vacant by the resignation of Lord Elcho. Mr. Hayes Fisher will act as chairman of the Company at the express wish of Sir John Rolleston, M.P., who, although retiring from the chairmanship, retains his seat on the board and his interest in the Company.

BANK OF EGYPT EPISODE REACTS UPON BANK SHARES—NO JUSTIFICATION IN THE CASE OF THE LEADING LONDON BANKS.

I expressed my opinion with regard to the suspension of the Bank of Egypt last week very frankly, and after all the further information which has been published I still think that that occurrence is not creditable to the directors. With regard to the trouble of that Egyptian bank, it is now arranged that the petition in bankruptcy will be presented to the Court on the 17th inst., as the National Bank, and others acting with them, who have offered a loan of half a million, will naturally require that an adequate call should be made immediately, so that the matter is still in a doubtful position. At the same time, I strongly advise shareholders not to be inveigled by doubtful circulars, to obtain protection against the further liability from persons who are evidently not in a position to back their promises up. As was to be expected, the Bank of Egypt episode has reacted upon other bank shares, and even the group of British banks

have suffered slightly, owing to realisations by people who have become nervous in consequence of the uncalled liability on such shares. The sales, however, have not reached any large amount, and there is now a tendency on the part of investors to pick up such securities on the declines, so that prices are slightly firmer now. There is really no reason why the troubles of Colonial or foreign banks, which transact a much more speculative business, should permanently affect our home institutions, which exercise much greater circumspection, while the various amalgamations which have taken place of late years have undoubtedly still further consolidated their position. One result has been a remarkable growth in deposits, which have now reached the enormous aggregate total of £442,000,000. Moreover, the boards of the various banks have consistently pursued a conservative dividend policy, and in "fat" years have set aside large sums out of revenue in order to build up their published and inner reserves. Thus there is still every reason to consider London bank shares a good investment. The present position is summed up in the following table:—

	Shares	Paid	Div. p.c.	Highest	Present	Yield p.c.
	£	£	1910-11.	1910.	prices.	per ann.
Barclay and Co.	20	8	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 3 6
Cap. and Counties	50	10	15	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 3 0
Lloyds	50	8	18 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	29	5 1 9
London and Prov.	10	5	18	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 0
London & Sth. West	50	20	16	73 $\frac{1}{2}$	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 10 3
London City & Mid.	60	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	50 $\frac{1}{2}$	47	4 14 6
London County & West.	20	5	A	23	20	5 1 6
London Joint Stock	100	15	10	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	27	5 11 0
Martin's	20	10	8	16	16	5 3 3
Metropolitan	50	5	15	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	5 9 0
National	30	10	11	24	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 18 0
National Prov.	75	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 13 6
Parr's	50	10	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	40	5 3 3
Un. of Ldn. & Smiths	100	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	B	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	32	5 16 0
National Discount	25	5	10	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 18 3
Union Discount	10	5	12	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 0 0

A Last two half-year dividends, 20 and 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum respectively.
B Last two half-yearly dividends 18s. 7d. per share each.

The declines shown in the shares in the above list are not so heavy as they appear, having regard to the substantial dividends which have been deducted during the period covered, while the declines in gilt-edged investments have also had a sympathetic effect upon bank shares. The outlook for the current half-year is satisfactory, and it should be remembered also that the present quotations already carry three months' accrued dividend. The uncalled liability will be easily gathered from the above table.

IDA H GOLD MINE.

This is proving a great mine, fully bearing out my anticipations. According to the directors' report just issued, the lode at the northern end of the mine is richer in the winze under the 1,000 ft. level than in any higher part of the mine—viz., 7 oz. 5 dwts. over 4 ft. 1 in. A borehole recently put down at a point 700 ft. south of the shaft has now also proved the southern position of the mine, having struck the lode assaying 19 dwt. over 18 in. This shows that the reef has a horizontal run of 2,100 ft. at a depth of 900 ft. The latest cable states that for September a profit of £2,222 has been made, which is excellent, as the new plates must necessarily have absorbed a certain amount of gold. This means early resumption of dividends and a rich harvest for the holders of the shares which have now advanced to 8s. 6d., 8s. 9d. The statements at Monday's meeting will be of special interest.

OILS RISE, PHENIX-LIKE—THE RESUSCITATION OF THE MAIKOP GROUP—RED SEAS TO THE FORE.

If the oil-share market has not exactly risen, Phoenix-like, from the ashes, it has, at any rate, emerged from a period of depression which has been sufficiently prolonged to try the patience of even the most enduring shareholder. The mainspring of the improvement has been a positive statement that the oil war has at last been ended, the Standard Oil Company and the Royal Dutch Shell Transport Combine having arrived at arrangements on all vital points. A rise in burning oil and petrol is now in progress. The fact that *Shell Transports* have risen to 84s. is considered of the best augury in this connection. But what perhaps mostly interests oil investors in this country is the resuscitation of the *Maikop* group. The prospects of the field have undoubtedly greatly improved since the leading companies agreed to sink all differences, and to formulate a common policy of development, which would redound to their mutual advantage. The opinion has now been arrived at that the majority of the bore-holes, owing to the dip of the strata being much more acute than was at first supposed, is not yet in the gusher series, although according to the original estimates they had bored beyond it, thus accounting for the disappointing results experienced in many of the bores sunk. Steps are now being taken for the deepening of several of

the bore-holes, which are expected to achieve success, while the shallow oil sands, hitherto more or less neglected, are now also to be systematically developed. That there are plenty of well-informed people who believe in the future of the field is shown by the fact that recently, when the price of the shares was at a heavy discount, the directors of the *Maikop Pipeline* placed a large block of new shares, at par, to provide for further construction. *Maikop Pipeline* are now quoted at 13s. 3d., and *Black Seas* have shot up to 3, *Anglo-Maikops* to 1½. *Maikop Victory* are firmer at ½ discount, but are worth at least par, if not more, especially now that the choking of the bores by sand has been overcome and the company is producing more largely. *Spies* have been firm at 33s., although the price of crude oil in Russia has gone back to 26½ kopecks per pood. *Bakus* are firm at 4s. 9d., the last weekly return indicating that two new wells have come into production. The Egyptian group is also reviving, *Egyptian Trust A* at 2½, and *Red Sea* at 3. Some favourable developments in connection with the latter are expected shortly. *Ural Caspians* have gone up to 1½, and *Lobitos* are higher at 16s. 6d., the September report indicating better developments at depth. *Nigeria Bitumen* have taken a jump to 13s. 6d. By the way, is it not about time that the *General Oil and Finance Corporation*, and its subsidiaries, woke up?

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF MEXICO.

With a daily production of 200,000 barrels, and the certainty of a much larger output within the next few weeks, Mexico as an oilfield will surely be brought more into the limelight. The Company best known here is the *Mexican Eagle Co.*, under the control of Messrs. Pearson and Son, which has a capital of \$30,000,000 (Mex.), or say £3,000,000 sterling, and the shares of which stand at between 40 and 50 per cent. premium. It owns the famous "Potrero del Llano" well, and its prospects are well regarded. The *Standard Oil Company of Mexico*, an English undertaking, owns 5,380 acres of oil land located close to the great "Potrero del Llano" gusher. Its well has been sunk a distance of 1,300 feet, and the last cable reports "oil showing." The capitalisation of the *Standard Oil Company of Mexico* has been kept down to £33,000—an important consideration for investors—and the shares at 2s. to 2s. 6d. may be bought with confidence. The *Monterry News*, of Mexico, in an article dealing with the oil position in Mexico, states the *Standard Oil Company of Mexico* "will undoubtedly enter the list of the big producing companies of this section of Mexico before the end of the present year."

AUCTION RESULTS AFFECT RUBBER SHARES—MALACCA REPORT MYSTERY—WHY RUBBER ESTIMATES ARE UNRELIABLE.

Considering the unusually large quantity of rubber which was offered at last week's auctions, it is hardly surprising that prices ruled from 5d. to 8d. per lb. below the level of a fortnight ago, especially, also, as manufacturers are filling their requirements privately to a very considerable extent. The experience of the *Inch Kenneth* estates during the past year has been unpleasant, the long drought having been directly responsible for this company's very disappointing dividend. Then, again, complaints are loud and deep that the returns of the *Soconusco* Company have fallen considerably short of the prospectus estimates. The latter allowed for an average monthly output of 28,645 lbs., whereas the production for September was a beggarly 1,550 lbs., and the outputs for previous months were very little better. The *Seremban* is another case of shattered hopes, comparatively speaking, the estimated output for the year having had to be reduced by 100,000 lbs. to 330,000 lbs., and the question is now whether the company will be able to complete deliveries of the whole of its forward contracts. After an existence of nearly six years, the *Sungkai-Chumhor* Estates has entered the dividend list with a distribution of 5 per cent., and in this case also the performances have, so far, at any rate, fallen distinctly short of promises. I have already referred to the mystery of the *Malacca Directors'* report for 1910, and this increasing document is still, at the time of writing, conspicuous by its absence. The shareholders in this company must be a singularly patient lot, even as shareholders go, to submit to this treatment. Meantime, the shares go on dwindling, and are now down to 6½, which does not say much for the report, when it does come. The leading rubber shares have been fairly steady, *Linggis* at 37s., *Vallambrosa* at 27s., *Anglo-Malay* at 16s., etc. It has been repeatedly stated of late that the drought in the Middle East had completely broken, but the September returns, although satisfactory in the main, still show here and there the effects of the drought.

DEL MONTE MINES OF MEXICO.

Just before going to press I hear that a well-known mining firm has completed an analysis of the ore of the *Del Monte Mines (Mexico), Limited*, and that the result has been entirely satisfactory. This is particularly interesting to me, as I have been carefully watching the company, knowing full well that it was destined to become a large dividend payer. The £1 fully-paid shares are quoted at 20s. 6d.

"NORTHERN TERRORS."

APPLICATION LIST FOR PROFIT-SHARING BONDS ABOUT TO CLOSE.

Monday next is the last day for sending in applications for the Profit Sharing Bonds of the *New Northern Territory Explorers, Ltd.* Pending the completion of the allotment, the Stock Exchange is shy of dealing, remembering what happened with the "Bears" some years ago. We expect, however, to see a good market and a good premium for the Bonds as soon as they have been distributed amongst the allottees.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

- (1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 2, Coptic Hall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.
- (2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.
- (3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.
- (4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.
- (5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.
- (6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

LIVERPOOL SHARES.—GLAY.—Certainly, hold. The Company I am referring to is doing well.

ARCYL MOTORS.—ARCYL.—I believe the Company has done better since reconstruction, but no official information is available. Why not ask the Secretary of the Company how matters stand? There is no market for the shares at present.

ANNUITY PURCHASE.—C. F. K.—Obtain the terms from any leading insurance office, and compare them with those offered by the P.O. Savings Bank. I think that you will find the advantage with the former.

HOME RAILS.—CONORS.—(1) You might do this on any improvement. You can make an excellent selection of Home Rails from the special list given elsewhere. Owing to various influences, mostly of a temporary character, these give an unusually high yield just now.

SAVING RISKS.—B. K. (Chesham)—It is a great pity that you went into *Saving Risks*, upon which I have repeatedly expressed an adverse opinion. It was a craze, which has now run its course. You have done the best you could to get out of the matter, and I do not see much chance of your doing so. There is no market for the shares.

THEATRE SHARES.—P. C. (Froshwater).—A letter has been shown to me, and the answer to you. Threats such as you made to that firm would recoil upon yourself; in any case you had no business to speculate with money that was intended for other purposes. My remarks in *JOHN BULL* are not intended for such as you.

COMPANY'S BOOKS.—T. S.—In the first place, I must know the name of the Company, and, in the second place, I think it extremely doubtful if you can claim to search the Company's books. It is obvious that this would not be fair to the general body of shareholders. The best thing you can do is to get into communication with your fellow-shareholders, the list of whom should be filed at Somerset House, with a view to taking joint action to compel the directors to give a full statement of the position. Single-handed, you can do very little, or nothing.

NATIONAL BANK OF EGYPT.—ORRIST.—This bank is identified with the Egyptian Government, and should, therefore, be safe enough. The fact, also, that the shares are fully paid up, and thus carry no uncalled liability, is a point in their favour. I do not think you need sell at a loss.

ASSOCIATION.—ARWICK.—I should be sorry to advise investment in such a concern, especially on the part of investors with small means. There is no market for the shares, and the only way to get rid of them is by advertising for a purchaser in the daily press or otherwise. In view of the prosperity of the Company, this should not be a difficult task.

RUBBERS.—HOTTER.—In investing in Rubber shares, the best plan is to go into shares of the more moderately priced descriptions, which have a free market. From this point of view, I would prefer the following shares to your selection:—*Linggis*, *Anglo-Malay*, *Consolidated Malay*, and *Union Samarra*. *Emmenthorpe*.—When buying speculative shares you have, of course, to take chances. The shares in question have declined in sympathy with the rest of the market. It is a promising proposition, but I cannot tell you yet when dividends will be forthcoming. No option but to hold. *CREEVE*.—I cannot say that I like this reconstruction scheme, and instead of throwing more good money after bad, I would advise a purchase of sound dividend-paying Rubber shares instead.

ONST. RAFFERS.—NEVO (Wolverhampton).—(1) The *Black Sea Oilfields* is doing better, and the latest strike of oil is that which has just been made in Well No. 12. (2) Certainly, hold, there has since been a recovery, which should make further progress. (3) The financial year ends on December 31st, but it is too early yet to predict as regards dividends. (4) Yes, a purchase is, but it is too early yet to predict as regards dividends. (5) The fall has been due chiefly to a reaction, which has apparently now ceased. (6) Yes, been due chiefly to liquidation, which has apparently now ceased. (7) The *Randfontein* Centrals are an excellent purchase amongst Raffers. (8) The dividend announcement is due in December. (9) Distribute the money evenly amongst the shareholders, and a portion in leading Rubber and Oil shares. (10) If you take the shares up, you should get actual delivery of the same. *BANK OF EGYPT*.—W. V.—I am afraid that you are liable for the uncalled capital of 2½ pence per share. I do not suppose for a moment that the whole capital of this will be called up, but if you cannot afford to take the risk, the best thing would be to realise your holding. You can, however, only do this at a discount; that is to say, by paying someone something, at present not a share, to take the shares off your hands together with the uncalled liability.

ADVERTISEMENT.—C. P.—Certainly not.
CALCUTTA SWEEPSTAKE.—INDIA.—The Indian Government have intervened with regard to the Calcutta Sweepstake, and the Secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club is no longer able to sell the tickets. They can only be obtained through members. I cannot, therefore, help you in the matter.
[A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.]

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

INSURANCE BROKERS.—AGENT (Hornchurch).—We presume you mean a Fellow of the Corporation of Insurance Brokers and Agents—who must devote himself exclusively to Insurance business, and must have been in business on his own account for at least five years. The election is by the Council of the Corporation. It is intended shortly to qualify Fellows and Associates by examination. There is nothing at present to prevent anyone calling himself a broker, and practically there is no difference in the rates of commission paid by offices to brokers and agents. There are also brokers at Lloyd's, who intervene between underwriters and the assured, arrange rates, write policies, and adjust claims.

ENDOWMENT POLICY.—R. C. B. (Weymouth).—(1) It is quite easy to effect the insurance you describe. The rates of the different companies are somewhat different, but variations are not very great. (2) Any fire office would insure your furniture.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER ASSURANCE COMPANY.—C. G. (Bournemouth).—The fact that the Company offered you £13 of the £17 paid in is pretty clear proof that their present position cannot be maintained, and that if you appeal to the Courts you will win.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. G. P. (Kempy).—We agree as to the investments. The policy seems to be in order so far as we can gather from your letter. **W. I. M. (Aylesbury).**—We do not think you could enforce a larger surrender value than you are offered. **FAIRLEY (Hoyland).**—The Company seems to be justified in their action in the matter. **W. W. L. (Dorchester).**—The free policy would be for a very small sum. **ALBERT (Newton Heath).**—You should write to the Company and ask for the surrender value, when you will get an authoritative reply. **C. L. (Abbey Wood).**—We think you could recover, assuming the facts to be as you state them. **Mrs. C. (East Dulwich).**—We are afraid you have complicated matters by allowing the policy to lapse. You should go to the head office, see what they are willing to do, if anything, and let us know. **CLAIM UPON POLICY.—W. G.**—On the facts as you state them, the husband would be entitled to claim. **H. V. S. (York).**—Your wife would be entitled to the money. **F. C. (Witham).**—There is nothing in your letter to warrant the conclusion that any one of the seven policies you sent us, and which have been returned under cover, is illegal. **D. T. (London).**—The policy is clearly illegal, and assuming the facts as stated can be proved, we think you can recover the premiums. **F. M. L. (Wandsworth Common).**—We have gone through the correspondence, but do not think you could establish your claim for the return of the premiums. We do not see the answer to Mr. Thompson's letter, second paragraph, of the 26th August.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—LANCASTER WORKMAN (Lancaster).—It seems a lopsided arrangement, but we fear you have no remedy. If you look into the matter you will find that the Company is only under a conditional obligation to advance you the money you ask for the purchase of a house in the sense that the undertaking is subjected to there being available funds at the time when you became entitled to make the request. **A. N. (Kilmarnock).**—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not continue payment of the premiums. Upon the other points you should communicate with the head office.

BRITISH KEY AND PROPERTY REGISTRY.—A. S. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We do not think that the Company is exempt from liability.

WESLEYAN AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—E. P. (Cathay).—We do not know what you can do except continue paying the premiums if you will not take the surrender value offered, and do not want the policy to lapse. It is much to be regretted that before taking out the policy you did not think it necessary to ascertain the conditions under which you were invited to insure.

CLAIM UPON POLICY.—F. C. (Leyton).—It is impossible for us to tell you whether the Company would "settle" your "claim" unless you tell us its nature, which you omit to do.

POSITION OF COMPANY.—W. M. (Patchway).—The reference to which you refer had no relation to the Company you name.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. G. (Whitehaven).—Upon the facts as you state them, your friend would appear to be liable, but did he receive no consideration for the transfer?

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—EDEN (Carlisle).—The Company is quite safe. It has been established many years. **W. S. (Burness).**—Yes, quite secure.

ROYAL LONDON MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—READER OF "JOHN BULL" (Southend).—We do not know what you can do. The Society is quite in order in asking for an assignment in your favour. We return the joint managing director's letter. **M.**—The item of £457,698 seems very high, and would appear to warrant the criticisms to which you direct attention.

NORWICH UNION MUTUAL INSURANCE SOCIETY.—INSURER (Romford).—We consider it to be, what the Society claims it to be, "an excellent investment." **THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.—A. R. M. (Cardiff).**—We should be inclined to take out the endowment policy upon the conditions you describe. Your second question would be better answered by the authorities at the head office.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. R. (London).—We do not think you could recover unless you could prove that the agent was a party to the fraud, but probably the Company would pay upon maturity. **J. S. W. (Pemberton).**—The policy would seem to be illegal, but the Company would probably pay upon maturity.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. J. S. (Hayes).—We should continue paying the premiums. **R. C. B. (Torquay).**—The answer is in the affirmative.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—FIRTH (Richmond).—It seems rather sharp practice, but you had better pay the quarter's premium and have done with it.

LAW INTEGRITY INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. R. (Bangor).—The Company was established in 1906, but does not do life business.

THE TONTINE SYSTEM OF LIFE INSURANCE.—Referring to the paragraph in our last issue, headed "Australian Assurance Methods," and dealing with the disappointed hopes so often associated with the Tontine system of life insurance, the Resident Secretary of the Australian Mutual Assurance Society writes to us to say that the story, as given, illustrates not Australian methods of life assurance, but the Tontine system, from which Australian Life Assurance is remarkably free. Mr. Hollingsworth goes on to say that this system was first introduced into Australia by the American offices, who brought it into Great Britain, but it was so condemned and actively fought by the Australian Mutual Provident Society that the Americans made little headway and had few local imitators.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

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BRILLIANTLY WRITTEN.
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How often, when perusing books of the History of London, must readers have yearned to learn something of the real lives of the people inhabiting the houses and walking the streets of the great City in the centuries that have gone—and have been disappointed because historians have felt their duty done in telling at tedious length historic details of houses and

streets; in repeating dry records of evolutionary progress. However informative such may be, they seldom touch the human interest, and so remain on library shelves. Not so with this new work. Relevant history is told in brilliant style, but it is used as the setting for that which has the true human appeal—the Stories of the Londoners themselves.

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THE PROSPECTUS HAS BEEN DULY FILED WITH THE REGISTRAR OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.

The New Northern Territory Explorers

LIMITED.

A Parent Company for the development of the mining resources of the Northern Territory of South Australia, and the formation of subsidiary companies to work proved gold and other mineral producing properties.

CAPITAL:

One Thousand Founders' Shares of £1 each; and One Hundred Thousand Profit-Sharing Bonds of £1 each.

The Bonds are entitled to be paid, in priority to the Founders' Shares, Interest at the rate of Five per Cent. per annum—ALL SURPLUS PROFITS BEING DIVIDED EQUALLY BETWEEN THE FOUNDERS' SHARES AND THE BONDS.

Issue of One Hundred Thousand Profit-Sharing Bonds of £1 each at Par.
Payable, 2s. 6d. per Bond on application; 7s. 6d. on allotment; 5s. on
December 30th, 1911; and 5s. on March 31st, 1912.

The whole balance may be paid on allotment—interest and dividends being calculated from date of payment.

The Northern Territory Syndicate, Limited, who are the Promoters of this Company, in consideration of their defraying the whole of the expenses of and incidental to its formation and the issue of the Bonds of the Company and of other services, have the right to subscribe for and have allotted, at par, 993 Founders' Shares.

DIRECTORS.

D. D. ROSEWARNE (late Government Inspector of Mines for South Australia), St. Blazey, Par, Cornwall. Consulting Engineer.
J. T. BINTLEY, Greenisland, Co. Antrim, Civil Engineer.
S. COOPER, 25-28, Beech Street, London, E.C., Merchant.
W. CORNISH, 5, Philip Lane, London, E.C., Merchant.

SECRETARY and OFFICES. —H. ROGERS, 52, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to explore and develop the mineral resources of the Northern Territory of South Australia—believed to be the richest gold field in the world, and, according to expert and official reports, abounding in tin, copper, mica, wolfram and other minerals—with a view to the formation from time to time, as circumstances and conditions may warrant, of subsidiary mining companies.

The Company will also avail itself of any favourable opportunities which may arise for acquiring an interest in some of the proved and producing mines of the Territory.

The Territory is traversed by an enormous auriferous belt, upon which many mines have been opened up, yielding remarkable results, but although immense quantities of gold have been won, the ground has not been more than

"scratched," having been worked mainly by the Chinese, who rarely go below water level.

That the reefs continue at depth, however, is proved not only by the remarkable returns now being obtained from some of the working mines, but also by boring experiments carried out by the South Australian Government which disclosed rich gold at the 975 feet level, this being 600 feet deeper than any of the present workings.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company. Applications for the Profit-sharing Bonds should be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, or any of its Branches, together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

No. _____
The New Northern Territory Explorers, Limited.

APPLICATION FOR PROFIT-SHARING BONDS.

To the Directors NEW NORTHERN TERRITORY EXPLORERS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,
Having paid to your Bankers the sum of _____ being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Bond, I hereby apply for Profit-sharing Bonds of £1 each in your Company upon the terms of the Prospectus dated _____ October, 1911, and agree to pay the balance, 7s. 6d. per Bond on Allotment; 5s. per Bond on December 30th, 1911, and 5s. on March 31st, 1912. I am, however, to be at liberty should I so desire to pay the full balance on Allotment, and Interest and Dividends are to be calculated accordingly. Should any less number of Bonds than those applied for be allotted me, any balance due after allowing for the instalment payable on Allotment, is to be returned to me in full.

NOTE—
PLEASE
WRITE
VERY
DISTINCTLY

Ordinary Signature _____
Name (in full) _____
Address (in full) _____
Profession or Business _____
Dated _____ 1911.

All Cheques to be made payable to Bearer, and crossed "A.C." & Co."

No. _____
The New Northern Territory Explorers, Limited.

Receipt for Payment on Application for Profit-Sharing Bonds.

Received this _____ day of _____, 1911, from _____ the sum of _____ being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Bond on application for Profit-sharing Bonds of £1 each in the NEW NORTHERN TERRITORY EXPLORERS, LIMITED.

For THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LIMITED.

STAMP.

CASHIER.

This receipt must be carefully preserved to be exchanged in due course for the Bond.

This Form to be filled up and sent entire with remittance to the Company's Bankers, the London City & Midland Bank, Limited, 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C. Covent Garden Branch, 20, Bow Street, W.C.; or other Branches.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

By WALTER MOORE.

MR. NORMAN ANGELL.

I had long been anxious to meet the author of *The Great Illusion*, and when the opportunity presented itself, I seized it with avidity.

"So, my dear sir," I said, "you are the gentleman who has written a book to prove that war never was, never is, and never will be worth while."

"I am proud to acknowledge the authorship," returned Mr. Angell.

"We must re-christen you the Angell of Peace," I observed, "unless Mr. Carnegie puts in a prior claim."

"Mr. Carnegie has worked hard in the interests of universal peace," remarked Mr. Angell; "but his methods are different from mine. He appeals to the sentiment of human brotherhood; I appeal to the pockets and the general material interests of the people."

"Well," said I, "both your methods appear to me to be equally futile, but of the two I think I like Carnegie's best. It seems to me to be based upon a somewhat higher ideal."

"Do you mean to tell me that to appeal to the pockets of the people is not the most certain way of obtaining their support?" demanded Mr. Angell.

"In most things, I grant you," I admitted, "but not in war. Consider British history, and recall the countless material sacrifices that have been laid upon the altar of patriotism. It is all very well for you to say war does not pay in the long run, but I should very much like to know what sort of a British Empire would be in existence to-day if our forefathers had held your opinions."

"We lost the United States of America through fighting for them," observed Mr. Angell, looking as if he were very glad of it.

"Yes," I said, "and we won Canada by fighting for it, and South Africa, and India, and Egypt, and New Zealand; and we smashed the power of Napoleon by fighting him, thus saving Europe from the dominance of a bloodthirsty autocrat. Have none of the wars I have mentioned paid in the long run?"

"You are speaking of bygone times," objected Mr. Angell. "Things are different now."

"Yes," I commented, "I notice you bring forward your theory at a time when Britain hopes she has finished her fighting. We have got our share of the pleasant places of the earth—mainly by fighting for them, mark you; and now, when we have everything to lose, and nothing to gain by war, you produce your peace argument. Let us hope it will convince the Continental Powers. I doubt it. I can hear them saying, 'Wait until we have grabbed a little more territory; then we will listen to you.' It would not be right to do so now, because England has the advantage of us all. When we have collared some of her colonies, and put her generally in her place, then we will hearken to your theorising with the utmost pleasure."

"Poor, deluded people!" exclaimed Mr. Angell.

"Pish!" I rejoined. "Look at Italy."

"Yes, look at Italy," repeated Mr. Angell. "Do the Italians think that the commerce of an arid stretch of the North African coast will repay them for the blood and treasure they will spend in getting it?"

"I don't know about that," I returned. "They complain that Italian subjects have been impeded and annoyed in their business by the Turks, and they are taking the only action that is left to a Power when they demand redress and it is refused."

"There is always arbitration," retorted Mr. Angell.

"Yes; but there is also human nature," I replied. "Affronts will still be wiped out in blood, though you write a hundred books, and all the stock exchanges in the world go mad."

We are asked to announce that Wednesday, October 25th, will be "Molassine" Day at the Festival of Empire and the Kennel Club Show, Crystal Palace. Buyers of the firm's foods are invited to visit the Palace on that day at the expense of the Molassine Co., Ltd., Greenwich, who, in exchange for vouchers showing the purchase of 1 lb. and upwards of their foods between certain dates, are posting tickets admitting free both to the Festival of Empire and the Kennel Club Show on that date. The attractions of the Festival of Empire—at which Molassine Dog and Poultry Foods have been awarded the Grand Prix—have drawn visitors from every country in the world this summer and the Kennel Club Show alone is well worth a visit, as upwards of 3,000 of the most valuable and famous dogs of all breeds are exhibited.

The Pelman System, Cures Mind-Wandering, develops a Sure Memory, and Greater Earning Power.

The Pelman System consists of a series of exercises based on the laws governing the working of the brain. All drudgery and tedious study is eliminated. The exercises are easy and fascinating and develop your brain as physical exercise does your muscles, but the result is far more beneficial, and is permanent. At present your brain does not perform one-half of what it is capable of if properly trained.

Your ability—your earning power—depends solely upon the strength and efficiency of your memory—upon its quickness in remembering accurately and completely the innumerable facts which form your daily routine. Memory affects life itself, making it happy or miserable, successful or impotent, according to its power to raise you above the circumstances in which you find yourself.

The Pelman System does not provide you with tricks of memorising and artificial aids. It trains you to remember by natural means through development of the latent power that is in your brain—developing alertness in your mind—developing your power of concentration.

Forgetfulness means that the details of your business are not at your command, that your employer cannot rely upon you. He may be lenient, perhaps excuse you once, twice, or many times, but he will rely more and more upon your colleague with the trained memory who is seldom at a loss, who does not hesitate, who knows not only what he is expected to know, but a great deal more besides. He is the man who will inevitably rise while you remain in the rut of dull routine, poorly paid and discontented. This is the inexorable law of all individual progress—the law of the survival of the fittest.

It needs no argument to enable you to realise that whatever your vocation, however high or modest your position, the possession of this increased memory power and mental ability will be of incalculable advantage to you. It will enable you to do more work and better work with less effort, and do better-paid work which is now beyond you, to fit yourself rapidly for promotion, to see and seize opportunities for making more money. It is not too much to say that the Pelman System affords you the greatest opportunity you have ever had, the greatest you could possibly have, and one you cannot afford to miss.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

"We have carefully investigated the genuineness of the Pelman System, and have no hesitation in advising our readers who desire to strengthen their memories to undergo the course of lessons."

see "John Bull" March 23rd, 1907.

Write to-day for Mr. Pelman's Free book, "Memory Training," containing full particulars of the instruction, pupils' testimonials, newspaper recommendations, and opinions by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. W. T. Stead, Signor Marconi, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Lieut-General Sir R. Baden-Powell, Rev. R. J. Campbell, etc.

To the Secretary,

PELMAN SCHOOL OF MEMORY,

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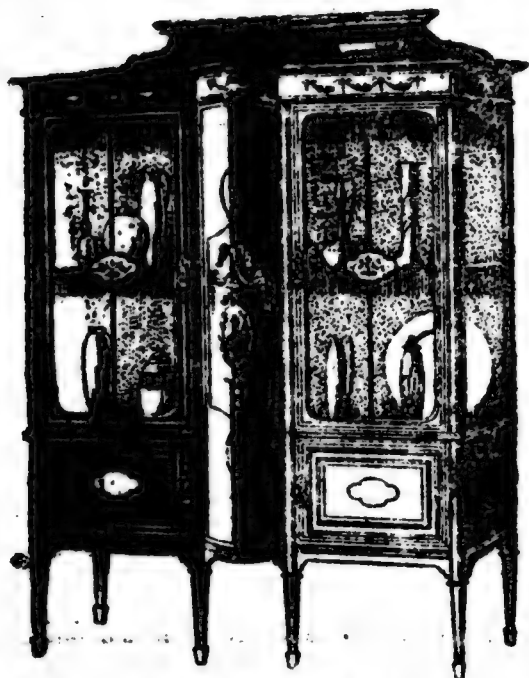
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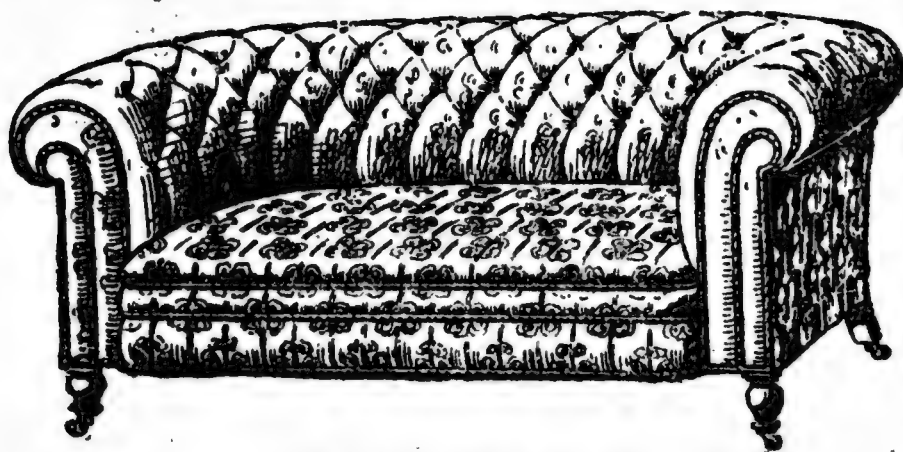
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THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE DAY.

A CRYSTAL PALACE IMPRESSION.

By JOHN BOOTH.

"We stand against cant and humbug in the political, the religious and the social life of our country!"

A bold, ringing declaration, uttered by a square-built man with a strong, shrewd face; clear, keen eyes; firm lips and perfectly modulated voice—that is my chief impression of the great John Bull League meeting, held last Saturday night in the centre transept of the Crystal Palace, and of Mr. Bottomley's presidential speech.

It was a wonderful gathering. All afternoon, in the intervals of menacing rain, the audience had been diverting itself with the hundred attractions of the Festival of Empire; at night it turned its attention to serious affairs. An hour before the time fixed for the meeting, the great hall was more than half full, and every successive minute saw the crowd swelling and overflowing from one block of seats to another. Here and there was to be seen a greybeard, surely in his own town an Alderman or a Justice of the Peace; an Indian gentleman in a blue silk turban gave a touch of colour to the orchestra seats; three Maori women with crimson scarves knotted in their hair will carry to the end of the earth an indelible impression of things seen and heard; but for the most part it was men from the shop and the office and the mill and the works, hand-workers and brain-workers—row upon row of them, and all listening.

First there was an organ recital; then followed selections by a military band; the song of the John Bull League was sung, and cheered, and sung again, and taken up in spontaneous chorus. "This is quite unofficial," explained the conductor with a smile to those around him, and as music perhaps it was not very good, but as enthusiasm it was splendid. At half-past seven Mr. Bottomley stepped on to the platform, and the audience rose to its feet and sang a full-throated, hearty welcome.

Mr. Bottomley spoke for an hour, almost without a note and entirely without hesitation. The acoustic properties of this centre transept of glass and iron and canvas and curtains throw a heavy strain upon the human voice, and though his elocution is as clear as any orator's that I have heard, it was quickly apparent that not everyone could hear. A move began; it seemed for a moment as though a part of the crowd was going out; in reality it was coming in. It scrambled up the aisles nearer to the platform and remained contentedly standing, ears strained to catch every word.

In a few well-turned and vigorous sentences Mr. Bottomley outlined the cause for the service of which the John Bull League was instituted, and for which it stands to-day half a million strong. The Party system would have to be broken down, the Party machinery to be scrapped. The speech shone with striking ideas manfully expressed.

So he came to a frank passage dealing with recent litigation. "By a verdict of a jury—not of my countrymen, not of my peers—I have been held guilty of a very grave offence. It is called 'false and fraudulent misrepresentation'—the very thing," said Mr. Bottomley with biting irony, "with which I have been charging the Party Politicians for the past five years." Had he outraged the honour of the House of Commons? Then he would seek permission to offer a personal statement to the House; if the House was not satisfied, let the electors judge.

In lighter vein—or, rather, in a different sort of gravity—was Mr. Bottomley's scathing satire of the current political manoeuvre at Saint Stephen's; the Push for the Weak (who stand alone), Promotion for the Harmless (who bark but do not bite), Peerages or Prosecutions for the Others.

Around the hall hung the remainder of the decorations that a few months earlier had graced the State Concert and done honour to their Majesties. There was the gold, and the purple and the bays; and on this note of sane patriotism and the great Imperial spirit Mr. Bottomley made an end of speaking. It was, I think, such a fine and memorable thing as would have been worthy of any man in a day of crisis. It was certainly very wholesome, and very businesslike and very British.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S SPEECH.

Mr. Bottomley commenced by stating, generally, for the benefit of non-members of the League, what its programme is. We stand, he said, against cant and humbug in the political, the religious and the social life of the country. In politics we are opposed to Party. We think that Party was well described as the madness of the many for the gain of the few. In concrete form, we stand for what is called

A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

In a sentence, we mean by that the right man in the right place. (Applause.) We do not believe that Providence has endowed the lawyers of the country with special qualifications to attend to its Navy, its Army, its finance, its trade interests. We do not believe in the system which compels a member of Parliament to pool his political conscience; that when we see, as we do every day, such lamentable examples of the way in which Members are prepared to prostitute their consciences and their judgment to Party ends, we say the time has come to substitute a saner system of government. (Applause.) Two years ago a certain gentleman voted in favour of the Right-to-Work Bill; a few months later, having become a member of the Government, he voted dead against it. The other day a member of the Labour Party was rash enough to introduce a Bill on his own account; the recent Trades Union Congress severely censured him for his impertinence. When there was raised in the House of Commons a subject of an entirely non-political character and involving no Party issues, that of the alleged ill-treatment of children in the Akbar Reformatory, three Members admittedly voted against their consciences in obedience to the Party Whip. ("Shame.") Those Members were Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Pointer and Mr. Keir Hardie. (Mr. Bottomley read a letter from each of these gentlemen in support of his statement.) It is not only, continued Mr. Bottomley, the Party system that we are opposed to; it is the Party, machinery. We say it is obsolete, rusty and out of date, parochial in one respect and utterly useless in another. I have often called attention to the fact that the House of Commons, which is the guardian of the public purse, automatically votes anything from fifty to a hundred millions of money every year in a single evening, within a few minutes, without an atom of discussion, under the direction of the Party Whips. The Prime Minister has admitted that this amounts to a "creeping paralysis of the Parliamentary machine," and said that this was one of the first things his Government would remedy; yet it stands there to-day untouched, and always will stand untouched so long as you have this system of Party government. What is the good of any private Member at the present time? He is utterly useless as a legislator; he is simply and solely a very humble and insignificant part of a huge Party voting machine, and, as a rule, that part of the machine which in engineering language is called the "crank." (Laughter.) Then, in social life, we want to see more independence and self-reliance on the part of the citizens of this Empire. We do not want to see them always hanging to the apron-strings of the State; we do not want to see their affairs meddled with by narrow-minded (sometimes prudent-minded) puritans. In the religious world, a subject with which we do not much concern ourselves, we want to see less sect and more humanity—(applause)—fewer missions to the heathen abroad and more missions to the hungry, the helpless and the fallen at home. (Applause.) We believe that healthy bodies and clean homes make the best angels; and we think that priesthood and priestcraft, like puritanism and like Party, is a thing which has gone too far, and is to a large extent out of sympathy with the modern life of this country. (Applause.) We attach much more importance to what a man does than to what he believes, to how a man lives than to how he dies. This programme which I have lightly sketched will be elaborated at various meetings during the coming months, and we shall show that this League is a great and powerful fighting institution, with live, fighting officers.

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S PERSONAL POSITION.

I certainly think I may say without egotism that its President is fairly alive (Laughter.) I am always fighting—(laughter)—and if newspaper correspondents are to be trusted, I have lately been badly wounded; but I can assure you that the wounds are healing quite satisfactorily. (Cheers.) To change the simile, and to use a racing illustration, I would say that after getting nearly round the Grand National course I bungled and fell at the last fence. Perhaps I was riding a too confident race; perhaps I held my opponents too cheaply; but there is the fact—that by the verdict of a jury—not of my countrymen, not of my peers, which one has been taught we are entitled to ever since the days of Magna Charta—but by the verdict of a very honest, very respectable, and I have no doubt clean-living body of gentlemen, I have been held guilty of a very grave offence. It is called "false and fraudulent misrepresentation,"—not, I am happy to think, of any matter of fact, but of a

matter of intention and of opinion. I would rather have liked to give the sporting members of this great audience a "tip" for the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire; in view of this decision I dare not do it. (Laughter.) If I told you to back a certain horse and it did not win, I should be guilty of a false representation of opinion which, in the judgment of some of my friends, might disentitle me even to remain in public life. (Laughter.) Why do I refer to this? The personal aspect of it matters nothing. I thrive on this sort of thing. (Laughter.) It is the breath of my nostrils. (Laughter.) But, first of all, it reflects indirectly upon this great League whose mouthpiece I am, and secondly it is supposed to be inconsistent with the honour of Parliament. There is only one way in which one can legitimately and constitutionally deal with a charge of this kind. Parliament will shortly meet. The guardian of the honour of Parliament is the Speaker of the House of Commons. I shall ask the Speaker to permit me to make a statement to the House dealing with this terrible crime of which I have been found guilty, and, if the House is not fully satisfied with that statement, if the House thinks that its honour needs further vindication, then, and not till then, shall I appeal to the final tribunal, whose verdict is binding and absolute; that is, the judgment of my own constituency. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I will risk a "false and fraudulent misrepresentation" when I say that I know what that judgment will be. (Loud applause.)

Confident as I am of that, I am conscious that I am not likely to have very much rest from certain quarters even then. I think it was Lord Byron who said, "Being of no Party, I offend all Parties." That is my misfortune; so there are other weapons available for this troublesome stormy petrel who is causing all this trouble in the orthodox political world. There are means by which it may be sought to effect a man's financial ruin; they have had a very good try at that. There is a ready way out of such difficulties which will occur to you; but I have always preferred to hold my end up; so I dismiss that. (Applause.)

I mentioned just now Party, Puritanism and Priestcraft. Politics seem to abound in capital P's. For instance, there are Place and Power and Plunder, which pretty well represent the Party game. The Party machine has three methods of dealing with troublesome individuals. First, if a man is not backed up by a strong and independent constituency, they give him the Push; instances, Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Gibson Bowles, Mr. Harold Cox—not the most insignificant intellects of the House of Commons; they got the Push because they would not play the Party game. They were biters. Another "P" for the barkers who do not bite is Promotion; instances, my honourable and distinguished friend Mr. Masterman, who was a great barker, and my good friend, Dr. Macnamara, who barked a little at the Government but did not bite. You give the Push to the weak; you give Promotion to the harmless; and there is Prosecution left for the others. Peerage or Prosecution is your choice nowadays if you do not behave yourself in the House of Commons. (Laughter.) I have heard it hinted that I am not out of all my troubles yet from that point of view; but I cannot help feeling that I need not worry myself about that. There is a stage at which prosecution would become persecution, and at which the British public would not stand at any longer. (Cheers.) So, putting all these alternatives on one side, I am here to-night to announce that I am going on with my own work and with the work of this League. (Loud cheers.)

WORKING PLAN OF THE LEAGUE.

I have been asked to-day at a Conference of Secretaries and Chairmen of Branches from all over the country to indicate something in the nature of a fighting policy in the immediate future. We have nearly finished preaching; we are going to act. We have come to the conclusion that a League half a million strong, with the ears of a million people listening every week to its doctrines, is a sufficiently concrete force now to be utilised for practical ends. We cannot be suppressed, and we cannot be squared. I can never imagine myself as "Baron Bottomley." (Laughter.) I prefer the Roman and Nelsonian nomenclature with which my all too fond parents endowed me. (Laughter.) I sometimes think, when I reflect upon my constant fights and struggles, of Macaulay's famous lines in the Lay of Horatius; but I confess that I prefer a variant of my own:—

How can man live better
Than fighting fearful odds,
'Gainst Fraud and Cant and Party
And other spurious gods?

(Cheers.) My indication to you of immediate policy is this. We are going to see if we cannot exercise a direct influence on the political machinery of this country at the next General Election. (Cheers.) And what a rumpus there will be in the Party camps! I have been carefully studying the figures of the last election. I have selected twelve constituencies in this so-called United Kingdom of ours in which the balance of parties is so delicately poised that the advent of a Business Government candidate on the scene will play impartial mischief with both Parties and upset the apple carts of both of them. The John Bull League is selecting twelve candidates (six are already selected and fully equipped, and there will be no difficulty in

finding the others); they will come "like a thief in the night"; they will suddenly appear on the political scene, and you will have both Political Parties at the mercy of the John Bull League. (Cheers.) We have chosen an opportune time. There is almost a deadlock in Party Government; the machine is being sorely strained, and may break down at any moment; and the advent of an organisation like ours, with its official candidates upsetting the balance in at least a dozen constituencies, if not more, will give the finishing touch to the institution. (Cheers.) We do not expect to get all our men in; the President is safe enough—(laughter and cheers)—and therefore he will be able to give a bit of his time to some of the other constituencies. Perhaps Bethnal Green may be one, but we will make no disclosures to-night of the other eleven. (Cheers.)

Do not you think that we are justified in taking this action? The world is beginning to realise that Party Politics is all humbug. (Applause.) Whenever you have a big question before Parliament of great national importance, a war, foreign policy, or some grave crisis of that kind, what is the first thing your Party leaders do? They say, "Let us treat this question as one above Party." Gentlemen, if Party, according to its own confession, is not capable of dealing with great questions, the sooner you get rid of it the better. (Applause.) Take the recent industrial crisis. I read in one of the leading Government organs that the strike came upon the Government as a surprise. Every business man could see, as he sees to-day, the signs of coming industrial trouble. It is because Party politicians are too busy with their shibboleths and their battle cries that these great and burning realities are lost sight of. Therefore we say that the time is ripe for the advent of the Business Government propaganda in a serious, energetic and definite form. (Applause.)

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Just consider what it is that this League now has to do. I am not much of a pessimist, but I read the signs of the times ominously for the immediate future. I see a great deal of trouble brewing, and I do not hesitate to say that the Party system is largely responsible for it—the mad pursuit of one Party against the other of things they can never hope to perform, the truckling to the popular vote in order to keep place and power, have all tended to ferment and encourage the unrest which is the great symptom of the present political situation. And, when you find men hungry and out of work, and you can offer them nothing more than Board of Trade statistics, when all you can do is either to give them a meal of Blue-books or treat them with a sort of statistical massage for their empty stomachs, can you wonder that the working classes themselves are throwing over not only Party but authority and even Government itself? It requires a strong and a bold policy in these days to grapple adequately with the situation immediately in front of us. I hold that Parliament is not getting the best out of itself in the present condition of the world by Shops Bills and Sunday Closing Bills, Licensing Bills, Education Bills, and all the rest of it, which waste our time in the House of Commons. It is time we came to realities. (Applause.) The working men are revolting against their own leaders, who do nothing for them. The middle classes are getting tired of being the grain of corn between the upper and the nether millstone. The wealthy, the ruling classes are in revolt against a tax upon them, and in defence of what they consider their rights and their property. There is unrest and seething discontent. But, all the time that this is going on, foreign countries are stealing away your markets and your trade. This is one of the Business aspects that we are endeavouring to preach. (A voice, "Tariff Reform.") Gentlemen, what is Tariff Reform or Free Trade to do with politics? (Loud applause.) I have always said this, and this is what the John Bull League says: Put a dozen business men round a table, and let them look at the conditions of a trade, not with Party spectacles on, and they will not bother about Cobden or Adam Smith or John Stuart Mill; they will look at the trade as it stands, at the conditions of it, and decide what is best, and, as was well said by my friend, Mr. Hilaire Belloc only a week ago, they will see what I have been endeavouring to preach for the last five years—that what is one trade's meat is another trade's poison. (Applause.) I could name twenty trades to-night which could be saved to this country by the application of some fiscal remedy; I could name twenty which would be ruined. That shows you that it is not a political question; it is a matter of common sense, of business principle, to be dealt with by business men. (Cheers.)

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF TO-DAY.

But, gentlemen, where are the "men" to-day in public life? Napoleon once said, "Good God, how rare men are!" And you cannot sit in the House of Commons five years without feeling the truth of that lament. There is no independence, no individual judgment exercised in the public life of this country to-day, and there never will be until you break down this barrier of the Party principle. (Applause.) The signs of the times! Your colonies are growing up into manhood, and, though they may still be proud of their allegiance to the Mother Country, they will be like grown-up members of a family—they will want independence to a larger degree, and you have got to face that fact, whether it be Canada or any other colony. There are signs to-day that each of them is looking forward to the time

when it will run on its own and be independent of the control or the interference even of the Mother Country. Then Ireland—never mind, for the moment, the merits of the question; you must know that in the immediate future you will have Ireland in a state of ferment again. All is not well in South Africa. Remember those words. In India you have scething, dangerous discontent, which has been largely nurtured and fomented by a false and spurious humanitarianism on the part of people who would be better engaged at home, and who go out there and set the natives into a condition for which their present state of evolution does not fit them. That constitutes a grave danger to the Empire, and, in my humble judgment, makes the impending visit of His Majesty to India a subject that might well be reconsidered before it is finally decided upon. Looking abroad—what is the good of mincing matters or refraining from mentioning names—what is Germany up to? (Cheers.) Why have not we got a Business man in the Government who will put to Germany the plain question, what does she want a big Navy for? We do not want to interfere, but we would like to know what she wants such a big Navy for! There is Germany, with a large and ever-increasing population and a growing commerce, both of which must have an outlet soon, and you are in the way; and it is no friend of the people, no politician or statesman worthy of his salt, who does not speak plainly on that topic. All these are questions, I say, which call for robust, independent and prompt treatment, and it is only a Government of a non-Party character that is capable of administering that treatment. (Cheers.)

COMING INDUSTRIAL TROUBLE.

Then, at home. What about this industrial revolution? Do you think you have seen the end of the strike? You have not seen the beginning. It is coming upon you as surely as morning follows the night; and all this rumpety subterfuge of Royal Commissions and Arbitration Boards and the rest of it is only an excuse for marking time and giving those who mean the mischief, if mischief there be, the greater power to complete their plans. You are on the eve of a great industrial upheaval. Remember, there is nothing so tyrannical as democracy let loose, and it requires something more than the Party system of government if you are going to convince the workers of this country that law and order, and not anarchy, is their friend. The John Bull League, if it has nothing else to do, will find its hands fairly full if it is going to try to devise some improvement in our system of government and our methods of dealing with the wants and aspirations of the people of this country, in order to avert or, at any rate, to modify the effects of the great industrial revolution which will burst upon us at a very early date, and for which every business man knows the preparations are practically complete. When that time comes, be it early or be it late, do not forget that in the ultimate resort might is right, that force is the only guarantee of civilisation. Your Navy, your Army, your Police are all you have to rely upon in the time of revolution. Do not forget that, though they constitute a great and splendid machine for preserving order and preventing anarchy, every part of that machine is a human being, and human beings sometimes catch the fever of unrest when it is in the air, and ask yourselves what is going to happen. If those human parts of the machine should perchance sympathise with the struggles of their own class who, banded together, may make a dead set upon the institutions and the Constitution of our country, what is going to happen? Gentlemen, these are great questions, and they warrant the establishment of some new organisation to try and instil reality into this sham system of government under which we live. What other organisation have you? You may say there is the great agency of the Church. But the policy of the Church is as restricted as that of the Party institution. They come out of their shells occasionally. They did so recently with the cry "Stop the fight!" We, of the John Bull League, will adopt that very cry—with a difference. We say: Stop the fight of the hungry against their position; stop the fight of the unemployed who look in vain for work; stop the fight of those foreign rivals who are stealing away our trade; stop the fight of class against class; stop the fight for office and place and power which characterises and keeps alive the system of Party government. (Cheers.) You will only do that by so reconstituting the Government of this country as to make the head of every Department a man who understands it, making the people rely upon themselves more, and upon the State less; interfering less with the avocations and the pleasures of the common people, giving them all an equal chance, and introducing into the government of the nation the same sound principles of business as you introduce into the management of your own affairs. (Cheers.) That, roughly, is the policy of the John Bull League; and it is work in which every patriotic man can join. In the best sense of the phrase, it is a catholic policy; it embraces the whole country. You who are not members of the League we ask to rally to our ranks, and we say there is no reason why, in the truest patriotism and the most Imperial spirit, you should not throw off the old Party cloak which was put round you before you were old enough to think for yourselves. We can all unite in this one common purpose of trying to put the affairs of the country straight and guard ourselves against the dangers which are imminent. That is the truest patriotism; and I ask you to

consider in a liberal spirit the rough-and-ready observations I have thrown out to-night. If you do that, you will be in the best sense of the term patriotic; you will be able to look around and say that the law and institutions which make for order and for progress may yet be maintained. We ask you to be the friends not of revolution, not of reckless agitation, but to rally around the Empire and around the Throne as the symbol of the Empire—because symbol and sentiment count for much in this life—to rally round the occupant of the Throne as hereditary President of the British Republic. Doing that, you can afford to look with indifference upon all the petty squabbles and the unreal discussions of the Party hacks, and to say, in sincerity, "Confound their Politics, Frustrate their knavish tricks—God save the King."

Mr. Bottomley resumed his seat amid a great demonstration of applause from the vast audience, and the proceedings concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT SCHEME.

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Of

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Atte Lumfden, Aberdeenshire.

And was educated in Scotlande.

From hys youthe uppe

He was a goode (some fay a goodie-goodie) ladde,

Soe

In due tyme

Hee became a meenifter

In ye Free Church of Scotlande.

Preachyng longe-wynded fermions.

First atte Dufftowne.

And afterwards atte Kello.

Butte,

Fyrdyng small monie in ye game,

Hee,

Followyng ye ensample of moft Scotsmen

Who want to make a bitte,

Emigrated to Englands

With ye laudable object

Of makyng a decent lvyng

Out of ye Southerners.

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Thus

For a while,

Englands, all unfufpecynglic.

Nourished a cyper in her bolom,

For Lo!

One fadde daie

Ye deceafed

Discovered ye Kale Yard Schoole of Fiction;

And introduced to ye readyng publick

J. M. Barrie,

And other Scotch dialect writers.

From whose barbarous language

Ye countrie

Has nattie yette recovered.

Hee hadde a vein of mordant humour,

For

Wyth subtle sarcasm

Hee sygned hys articles in

Ye *British Weekly*

"Claudius Clear."

Shedde nattie a tear

For Claudius Clear.

Whofe brayne and bodie

Crumble here;

More caufe have ye

To jump wyth glee

Because of hym

Ye world's now free:

Ye fanticimonious to-dae

Are better far out of ye waie!

MESSRS. T. C. AND E. C. JACK are to be congratulated upon the publication, in 6d. fortnightly parts, of "London Stories," under the editorship of "John o' London." The first issue contains a very fine panoramic drawing, more than three feet in length, by Mr. George Morrow, depicting a wonderful medley of famous—and infamous—characters associated with old or modern London. The bustling crowd comprises men of war and men of letters, worldlings and divines, poets and philosophers, dandies and puritans, merchants and mountebanks, fools and rogues—in short, representatives of the vast city at every stage of its existence. The number contains interesting illustrated articles on such diversified subjects as "Old Street Cries of London," "The Strangest London Monument," "George Barnwell," "Townsend, the Bow Street Runner," "The Romance of the Lottery," "The Story of Canonbury Tower," "Sweeney Todd," and "The Walking Rushlight."

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. CLEMENT SCOTT.

"THE HONEYMOON."

If Mr. Arnold Bennett intends his comedy to be taken by the serious-minded as a lesson to check impetuosity—a mild tirade on the old saying that it is well to look before you leap—then he starts his subject admirably. But if, on the other hand, he intends the whole thing to be a joke, then "The Honeymoon" reminds me of the oft-told tale of the deaf couple who went to church to get married, but the curate mistaking the meaning of their presence, merely "churched" the lady, while the gentleman knelt by, and then sent the sacristan flying after them, when he discovered his error, to bang at the "Honeymoon" door to enquire whether he was too late.

I can quite understand Cedric Haslam's excitement—he is the champion aviator of England—when he learns that a German is about to fly over the peak of Snowdon for the sum of ten thousand pounds, and the desire of the Englishman to attempt the dangerous feat as well, even if it forces him to quit the side of his wickedly-bewitching little wife. I fully realise Flora Lloyd's feelings when she learns that her newly-wedded husband almost forgets her very presence in his anxiety to be first over the mountain-top, when again Mr. Bennett proves to the hilt the truth of Byron's words, that "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence."

What baffles me is, though, that finding the curate who has married this couple is not in holy orders, that he is simply masquerading in his relative's "cloth," but, overcome by the extraordinary beauty of the bride, he has read the marriage service to them, that the ceremony is not a legal one—Flora should, *à propos* of nothing really, tie herself up to a person whose main ideas are wholly "in the air." And mind you it isn't only Cedric, who is to say the least of it an unmannerly worm, but there is "Ma"! Oh, shades of "ladies intellectual," inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all? Ask the poor diminutive Reach Haslam—or, better still, go and see Mr. and Mrs. Reach Haslam for yourselves, and you'll pity the wretched down-trodden husband of Mrs. Haslam with all your hearts and marvel that such an iceberg in petticoats could ever have thawed sufficiently to bring children into the world. As I have already hinted, Mr. Bennett has completely fogged his audience, which is fatal. You don't know which way to take him, and you cannot reconcile yourself to the fact that Miss Tempest is doing the right thing in acting as she does. If she had fallen head over ears in love with the sham curate I could have believed in Flora Lloyd—he has a distinctive character about him—but to take the trouble to go off to Chelmsford to be wedded to such a nincompoop—as his father justly calls him—as Cedric is, silly, and precisely the reverse of what Marie Tempest, otherwise Flora, would do. Sorry as I am to say it, I do not think the Royalty Theatre has struck the right vein for success in "The Honeymoon."

In view of the plucky effort by Mr. Olley, despite the inclement weather, to make his record attempt on Saturday last, Mr. Cyril Michael, of the Midland Furnishing Company, has presented to him the silver cup which he so kindly offered.



CRYSTAL PALACE

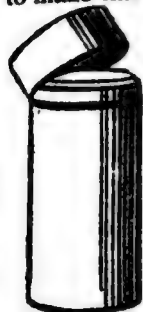
Burrs of MOLASSINE Dog or Poultry
Foods are invited to visit the above
AT THE EXPENSE OF THE MOLASSINE CO., LTD.
Send The Molassine Co., Ltd., Greenwich, a receipted bill showing a purchase of 1 lb. or upwards of MOLASSINE Dog, Puppy, or Poultry Food between 21st September and 21st October, 1911, and you will receive a ticket
ADMITTING FREE
to the Festival of Empire and the Kennel Club Show
25th OCTOBER, 1911.
MOLASSINE FOODS are SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Only ONE shaving soap can be BEST.

You want to know that you are using the best, don't you—and to know that you are not contenting yourself with second-best?

If you do not already know Williams' Shaving Stick we ask you to start to-day to learn the greater luxury, the gentler shave, the clearer skin, and the clean freshness that are obtained by its use.

OUR OFFER: Send 2d. for the comparison size of Williams' Shaving Stick. If 50 comparison shaves don't convince you of its superiority we return your 2d. and all the postage you have used in corresponding with us. It's only *real* advertisement is *itself*. That's why we ask you to make this test.



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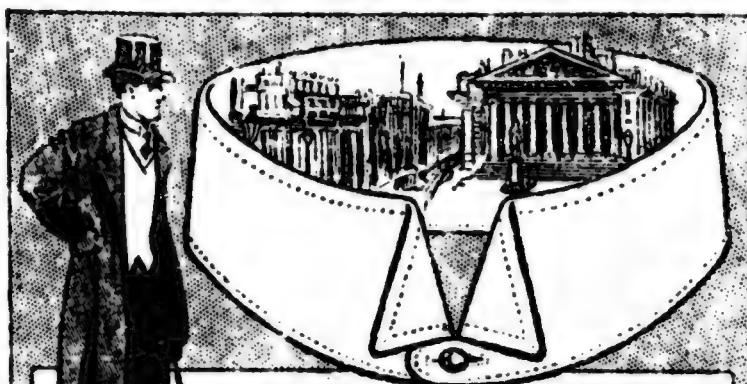
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"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

CAUTION.

There are spurious imitations of Williams' Shaving Stick. Be sure that your Shaving Stick always bears this name, viz:—

THE J. B. WILLIAMS' CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.



Scan the crowds of busy men who centre about the Royal Exchange, and you will notice that the typical City man is wearing a point collar.

The Business man knows it is the correct collar to wear with a Morning or Frock Coat suit.

Summit 24 has slightly drooping points, and not too wide a space between them. Made from 'Summit' shrunk materials, they do not stretch or shrink, and this fact ensures the collar retaining its distinctive shape, even after repeated visits to the laundry. We stock 'Summit' 24 in three depths, 2, 2½ and 2¾ in., and in Quarter-sizes—four sizes to the inch—from 14 to 18 inches.

Sample collar and booklet 6d. post free. **6 for 3/-**
Address applications to 28, Nicholl Square, E.C.

Austin Reed Ltd

113, REGENT ST. W. 13, FENCHURCH ST. E.C.
157, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 5, ST. MARY AXE, E.C.



"Jason"

ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

Socks

Stockings.

Are made in all styles, weights, and prices, for men, ladies, and children. And whatever price you pay, if the

name "**Jason**" is on the hose you buy you will know they are all-wool; unshrinkable; with a finish as soft as silk.

These are the essentials of "**Jason**"

Of all Drapers, Ladies' and Men's Outfitters and Stores.

In case of difficulty, write



"**Jason** Lasteni" are specially manufactured for hard wear.

Three-fold leg, four-fold ankle, five-fold foot, six-fold toe and heel. A graduated hose of "**Jason**" quality, with strength where most needed.

Only "**Jason** Lasteni" have these advantages.

In all styles, art colourings, vertical and fancy stripes—lace, plain or ribbed—for ladies, men, and children.

Jason Hosiery Co., Leicester.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Is King Manuel's motto "Wait and see"?

Is Turkey in for a "roasting"?

Aren't our Army airships expensive to "keep up"?

Isn't there "room" for improvement at Guy's Hospital?

Will the "outcome" of the Railway Commission be a "come out"?

Won't Home Rule be "dearer" to England than Ireland?

Isn't the threatened general coal strike a burning question?

Wasn't the War Office aeroplane incident a "curious" one?

Do they make love in "The Love Mills"?

Isn't the "cat" the only cure for East End "rats"?

Wasn't the Dublin bakers' strike a "kneadless" affair?

Is it a case of "airship r. worship" at Hendon?

Sun Up won a race recently. Apparently the pace was too hot for the others.

Lace is said to be very popular just now. But it always is—with the men.

The increased price of milk is put down to the drought. But there is no lack of water now!

"English towns seem to lack the true art spirit," says Mr. J. E. Phythian. We've never noticed any scarcity of whisky.

"Analysis of Love" reads a headline. But Jim Crow says there is nothing in it.

"The Great Secret" is the name of a new book. It is now out.

"Bread Riots in Dublin," a morning paper informs us. Nothing new for bread to "rise."

The Courts have decided that sunstroke is an accident within the meaning of the Act. Compensation might be termed a Sol-atium.

W. Mummy, of Arkansas City, has asked the Mayor of New York to select a wife for him. Mummy evidently wants to become a daddy.

Coal has been discovered in North Bucks. That is the sort of "coal strike" we welcome.

Joseph Hocking says, "The great god worshipped nowadays is the god of get-on." But the girls all pray to "get-off."

The Limerick Bench holds that plucking live geese is not cruelty, but, nevertheless, we doubt if even geese enjoy it.

The moving staircase which is to supersede lifts on the Underground Railway is, it should be pointed out, an "escalator" not an "osculator."

At Epsom two men were summoned for lying in a park. A frequent offence in London, the girls say.

"When people are always running after pleasure, they never catch it," says Miss Montgomery. We think they do—hot.

£500 FOR A COPY OF "JOHN BULL."

UNIQUE OFFER FOR THE MILLIONTH COPY OF "JOHN BULL" SOLD IN ONE WEEK.

The regular weekly circulation of JOHN BULL is gradually approaching the million copies, and in this connection we now make the following unique offer:—

We will pay the sum of £500 for the first millionth copy actually sold. This is no lottery. We wish to obtain the copy, frame it, and preserve it, as marking an absolute record in the case of a British Weekly Periodical.

Such copy will bear upon it a distinctive number (not necessarily 1,000,000)—made automatically by the printing machine and unknown to any living soul except the directors of John Bull, Ltd., who guarantee that the copy so numbered will go into circulation through the Trade in the ordinary way.

The millionth copy may be in circulation any week now, and all we ask our readers to do is to carefully preserve their JOHN BULLS and await a further announcement.

Let it be clearly understood, however, that in making this offer we are actuated solely by commercial considerations.

We shall in due course indicate the identifying number. May we impress upon readers in the Colonies and elsewhere to take special care of their papers until after the number of the millionth copy has been announced?

"Send
in the
I.C.S.
man."



When in competition for a good job the battle is half won if you are an I.C.S. man. The simple fact that you have had an I.C.S. training tells employers that you are competent; tells them that you know your business through and through—technically, theoretically, practically. I.C.S. men have their heads in their work—and employers know it. A Nottingham student proved this to his lasting benefit. He writes:—

"At my first interview with the Manager I informed him I was a student of the I.C.S., and he replied 'Yes, you mentioned that fact in your letter or you would not be here now'; which clearly shows the value of I.C.S. training."

(Signed) D. J. BETHELL, Nottingham.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way,"—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it is so.

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Send in this coupon now, and let us refer you if necessary to successful I.C.S. students in your own district.

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NOW READY OCTOBER ISSUE ONE SHILLING

Financial Review of Reviews.

Proposed Industrial Court for the Settlement of Labour Disputes. By SIR CHARLES W. MACARA, BART.

What to do with Home Rails Now. By W. R. LAWSON.

What the Investor Wants. By THE INVESTMENT CRITIC.

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FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, also in suitable styles for LADIES' WEAR. The smartest and most comfortable suspender in the world: prices 1/- to 2/6. On sale everywhere. If unable to procure send P.O. with 1d. for postage, to SPHERE SUSPENDER CO., Leicester. Illus. Folder free.

BE SURE TO LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE BACK COVER.

WATSON'S BLUE BAND WHISKY

DOCTORS' VIEWS.

A SERIES OF STATEMENTS MADE PUBLIC.

The science of medicine has been developed along such marvellously exact lines that any pronouncement which emanates from a prominent practising physician, and which has bearing upon our health and happiness, is received with the keenest interest. How many millions of human beings owe their health, strength, happiness—their *very lives* to their doctors' advice!

The statements here made public are each and every one the utterances of physicians practising in the United Kingdom to-day. Their names are withheld to conform to the dictates of medical etiquette—but the footnote seals their genuineness:—

I RELY UPON IT.

"Hall's Wine is a standard prescription with me. I made several thorough tests with it some years ago, and found it answered admirably as a general tonic. I periodically try it myself; it is always the same, hence I rely upon it for definite results."

(Interview W. 227—19th Nov., 1910.)

GREAT VALUE IN CONVALESCENCE.

"Besides its great value as a tonic in convalescence, I find it very useful, sometimes, in relieving pains of indigestion, doubtless due to its sedative action on the nerves. Its flavour prevents people from taking it when the need for it has passed, which I consider a most important factor for the medical man to bear in mind."

(Interview W. 266—11th January, 1911.)

ARRESTED MANY BREAKDOWNS.

"I use Hall's Wine in my own household, it has arrested many a breakdown, the natural consequence of lowered vitality due to overwork, worry and the like."

(Interview W. 258—16th Dec., 1910.)

I RELY ABSOLUTELY.

"I have tried all the tonic wines which I know of as being before the profession, and now only advise Hall's. I find I can rely absolutely on the quality of the ingredients throughout."

(Interview W. 293—16 February, 1911.)

PREVENTS COLLAPSE.

"I consider Hall's Wine as a thoroughly sound preparation, and always advise when in 'run-down' conditions, and have frequently prevented collapse by its early administration."

(Interview W. 255—26th Oct., 1910.)

EXTREME WEAKNESS.

"I find Hall's Wine particularly efficacious in restoring animation when the condition is very low. I have in mind several cases in which it was the only agent employed, and the response was eminently satisfactory."

(Interview W. 252—16th Nov., 1910.)

SHE SLEPT LIKE A TOP.

"I once had a very good opportunity of observing one effect of Hall's Wine—that is, in insomnia. I had a lady patient who had an operation pending, and the anticipation caused her such distress that she could not sleep. I gave her a glass of Hall's Wine, and repeated the dose a couple of hours later, and she went off into a perfectly sound sleep; in fact, she slept like a top. Since then I have always advised it for insomnia."

(Interview W. 296—9th June, 1911.)

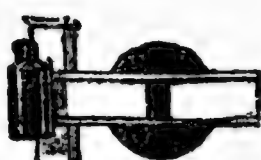
NEURASTHENIA.

"I have a neurasthenic case of many years' standing; in fact, it is hopeless. Hall's Wine, taken in doses of two fluid ounces, twice daily, is the only thing which gives the patient any sense of ease and comfort. Besides the immediate restorative action, it has a prolonged sustaining effect, which cannot be obtained by any other means without producing harmful after effects."

(Interview W. 298—15th June, 1911.)

The above statements having been voluntarily made to our interviewer, he has made a Sworn Declaration before a Commissioner for Oaths that they are true and accurate statements in all particulars. The interviews have been numbered because of the already-mentioned reasons for the omission of the physicians' names.

Read the doctors' statements in this advertisement. Then get Hall's Wine from your wine merchant, licensed grocer or licensed chemist. Large bottle, 3/6.



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Signal
against
YOU?

SPERMINUM

is the natural source of health and vital strength isolated and purified from organic bases. In the form of the Essence Spermin acts as a Reviver of Vital Energy and so stimulates healthy body juices which resist disease and retard vital decline. Nervous Breakdown, Fatigue from Over-work, and Mental and Physical Exhaustion, brought about by Over-indulgence in Athletics will find a corrective in Poehl's Spermin Essence. It is of special Curative Value in all disorders of the Blood, the Nerves, and the Heart.

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What with the coalman coming, lamps and fires smoking, you'll need to Zog your paint more than ever just now. Just a little Zog on a wet cloth: a rub or two; and dirt disappears as if by magic. Use Zog wherever there's paint.

P.S.—Zog is just as good for cleaning silver as it is for cleaning paint.

FREE TIN.

Go to your dealer and pay a penny for a sample tin of Zog. You will get the penny back when you buy one of the larger sizes. If you cannot get a sample tin from your dealer, we will send one in exchange for id. stamp.



ZOG, Ltd.

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STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps, buckle, or springs—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or compress against the pubic bone. The most obstinate cases cured. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to apply— inexpensive. Process of recovery is natural, so no further use for truss. Awarded Gold Medal. We prove what we say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write name on coupon and mail TO-DAY. Address—STUART P.P. CO. (Dept. P), 68, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C.

NAME

ADDRESS

BE SURE TO LOOK AT THE
OUTSIDE BACK-COVER.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of enquiries received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.

AUTHORS and **ARTISTS** submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamped, addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (2 page). The Editor cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.

ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENCE is increasing steadily. In future, we will disregard any letter which is not duly authenticated, with name and address, which may be given in strict confidence.

FORWARDING LETTERS, ETC.—Our correspondence is growing so enormously that we have to discourage all idea of PUTTING OUR READERS INTO COMMUNICATION WITH ONE ANOTHER. If the practice grew, we should want an extra staff of clerks, fresh offices, and Jim Crow to keep the peace.

"NORTHERN TERROR."—Monday is the last day. Hurry up.

"SCILLABIBS" congratulates us on our reasonable attitude towards astrology. We are always reasonable.

G. N. R. (Holloway) complains that police constables sent to Doncaster for the races do not get their day expenses and that their night expenses are insufficient for proper accommodation.

T. B. (Shepherd's Bush) wants us to introduce a "Bill for the registration of every foreigner employed in the British Isles."

R. W. (Hroughty Ferry) says town dairy cows never go out of doors, are fed on distillery or brewery refuse, and their milk is often distributed by dirty or infected children.

G. A. (Shoreditch) says the *Salborne Society* only wants to stop plant destruction and does not interfere with children who pick flowers. But when societies begin to interfere, there is no knowing where they will stop.

A. L. (Gray's Inn Road) complains of certain "Football Accountants" at Basle. The welshing season will evidently be in full swing again very soon, so far as this particular sport is concerned.

C. H. F. N. (Letchworth) has been writing to an astrologer for a delineation of *Jim Crow's* character, and the result, as might be expected, was highly flattering. But how did they contrive to find out the precise hour of Jim's birth?

G. C. (Dutery St. Mary).—We can understand that you find it difficult to bring up a family of four on thirteen shillings a week, but we hesitate to accede to your request that we should help you to go out to Australia. What makes you think you would be any better off there?

"DISSATISFIED TAXPAYER" was burgled some time ago, and suspects a man, but the police refuse to act as spies. His friends tell him he ought to have offered bribes to make them move. "This," he says, "never occurred to me. I confess my opinion of the much-vaunted London police has gone down a good deal." Strange how personal interests affect our views, is it not?

W. P. E. (Oxford).—It may be very naughty, but we do not see that it is "unbusinesslike" of the Post Office to make a charge for re-directing letters after a certain time.

J. G. H. (Bickley).—We really do not know why you were ignored when you applied for a job in the Post Office, but we hope you may live to rejoice that you were led to try something more ambitious.

W. S. writes: "I am 18 year old and working a press for 12 silling a week from 8 till 7 at night. Their is a many man work a knife for 18 silling at week and Their his a boy doing the same wok for 10s. silling week. And if we spot out without Leave we are spot our money and 3d. exter. And getting Girls for Getting wages 5s. a week. A gail to 2s. 6d. for 3 days and half I thik it his a Shane." So do we—very "thik."

A FIRM OF MEDICAL HERBALISTS writes offering to cure ulcerated legs which have baffled the faculty, but ours are quite well just now, so we must wait to have them pulled.

"ANTI-BARBARISM" (Dublin) writes: "Walking along the street the other day I saw a *Beggar Woman*—(I think I have misused the term)—a poor woman, approach a very fashionably-dressed young woman and ask for a little assistance. The lady promptly called a policeman and charged the poor woman with begging—I tried to have the charge revoked, but failed." No doubt one is sorry for poor people who have to ask for help, but if begging were generally permitted a great many impostors would make themselves nuisances.

G. O. S. (North Finchley) wants our opinion of "the golden opportunities of domestic servants in Australia and America." We are more inclined to believe in the brazen assurance of the advocates of emigration.

"MIST SAUCE" (Manchester) writes: "Can you say whether a Butchery Manager labouring under temporary absence of mind, insanity, hypnotic influence, or mental aberration might not quite unconsciously, of course, dress sheep like young lambs and charge it as lamb in the bills?" Possibly, even when in full possession of his faculties.

"NOZAZA" (Zululand) sends us a line of encouragement and goodwill. What a lot of splendid readers we have all over the world!

"ADMIRER" (Bradford).—Glad to see that the prospective Unionist Candidate is a man of independent character. May he remain so!

A. B. L. (Riga).—No time to deal with "Lettish lawyers" in Milan. Too busy with them over here!

A. R. (Grangetown).—We cannot tell you what has become of the proprietors of the *National Magazine*.

"RADIOS" thinks the name of our journal somewhat militates against its success in Ireland, but we are afraid it is too late to tamper with it now.

(Continued on page 551.)

IS THIS MAN GIFTED WITH STRANGE POWER?

Prominent People Say He Reads Their Lives as an Open Book.

Do you Want to Know About Your Business, Marriage, Changes, Occupation, Friends, Enemies, or what to do to Achieve Success?

TEST READINGS FREE TO ALL "JOHN BULL" READERS WHO WRITE AT ONCE.



Attention of the mystically inclined seems to be centred at present upon the work of Mr. Clay Burton Vance, who, although laying claim to no special gift of supernatural powers, attempts to reveal the lives of people through the slender clue of birth-dates. The undeniable accuracy of his delineations leads one to surmise that heretofore palmists, prophets, astrologers, and seers of divers beliefs have failed to apply the true principles of the science of divination.

The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes: "My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read, as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

Mr. Fred Walton writes: "I did not expect such a splendid outline of my life. The scientific value of your Readings cannot be fully appreciated until one has his own Reading. To consult you means success and happiness."

Arrangements have been made to give free test Readings to all readers of JOHN BULL, but it is especially requested that those who wish to avail themselves of this generous offer make application at once. If you wish a delineation of your own life, if you wish a true description of your characteristics, talents, and opportunities, simply send your full name, the date, month, and year of your birth (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

"Your power is marvellous
So people write,
Please read my life—
Are my prospects bright?"

Send your letter to Mr. Clay Burton Vance, Suite 51A, No. 14, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, France. If you wish you may enclose 6d. postal order (or halfpenny stamps of your own country) to pay postage, clerical work, etc. Please note that 2½d. postage is required on letters posted to France. Do not enclose coins or silver in your letter.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

'ALWAYS MERRY & BRIGHT.'

WE DELIVER immediately this POWERFUL HIGH-GRADE GRAMOPHONE including TEN Brilliant Disc Record Selections and all accessories, Carriage Paid to all approved orders for 5/- with order, and if when you have heard the instrument in your own home, you are delighted with its performance and fully convinced of the exceptional value and bona-fide character of this remarkable offer, the balance of 45/- is payable by Nine Monthly Payments of 5/-, or one payment of 40/- if you accept the Cash Discount.

FOR ONLY
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SHEFFIELD.



A. A. S. (Boscombe) thinks there are not enough *Englishmen in the Cabinet*, but how does he propose to keep Scotchmen out?

W. W. (Leicester) considers most *legislation unfair* to "boys of the bulldog breed." He must help us to form a Business Government.

A. A. (Birmingham).—We certainly think that, when a man is *arrested on a false charge*, thumped, kicked and detained from Saturday till Monday, he ought to have some compensation. It was too bad to arrest a news-vendor on a charge of crying false news when he was only chaffing a friend.

A. D. (Stonelhouse) says the title "*drug store*" is an evasion of Acts of Parliament.

"A YOUNG FEMALE" writes "this letter is not nitising. . . . Praise praise poor old England, and the poor people that's got to slave and got to bring in what they can. We can't live without food. Why should a rich person look down on a poor class of people and remember they are double as good as anyone else and scorn at them. They do laugh. I think I have done my best in writing this letter. Their pluck. Here, Here." Very likely.

"A FLAT DWELLER" says there are a number of dwellings in London unprovided with fire escapes or fire hose, where no night-watchman is kept, where there is no escape except by a central staircase, which, in case of fire, would at once become a roaring blue down which it would be impossible for anyone to pass.

C. H. O. (London, N.W.).—Why should we object to a barber exhibiting *our cover* outside his shop? We should be quite pleased if all barbers followed his good example.

Miss W. (West Hampstead) thinks the agitation in favour of early shopping ought to be extended to include *barmaids*. Of course, it is difficult to persuade people to alter their habits and refrain from buying beer and whisky late at night, but we agree that 14 1/2 to 16 hours a day are far too much for any young girl to work. But don't they get long "rests" during the quiet time of the day?

W. L. (Coventry) writes: "I consider the police in this country are suffering very much from that terrible complaint known as swelled head, and it is high time the radical and democratic section of the press commenced to cut their corns. They are getting a bit too thick. I know you will keep an eye upon them." We will ask our doctor whether chiropody is likely to have the desired effect upon hydrocephalous irritation.

A. W. D. (Putney) is at present so hard pressed that he scarcely knows how to make both ends meet. He is craving for something to do in the open air and suggests that we should give him a *job on our staff*. We will mention the matter to Jim Crow who is looking out for a night-watchman.

A. C. McC. (Stepney).—We know most things, but we fear we cannot recommend any particular *cure for cancer*.

F. H. B. (Bristol) tells us about a solicitor who obtained money from him to pay into Court and then put it into his own pocket. Why not have him struck off the rolls?

E. R. (Guisborough) wants us to publish a cartoon illustrating the terrors of a *German invasion*. But our imagination does not run to that.

R. J. R. (Carnarvon) ordered haddock from a *fish merchant at Grimsby*, and received kippers which were quite unfit for human consumption. No attention is paid to his remonstrances.

V. C. thinks our *consuls abroad* ought to speak the languages of the countries to which they are accredited.

"LEAGUER" complains about a *verger* who prevented people from throwing *confetti* at a wedding. For our part, we cannot see what fun there is in throwing this stupid stuff about.

"M. E. GRATE" wants to know whether he may go to *Australia* if he is invited out by someone who has already got a position there. Of course, that may reduce the risk of starvation, but we are still incapable of understanding the motives of people who want to go all that way on the off-chance of bettering themselves.

"NEMO" (Wandsworth) wants to know what would happen if the *King* died and left no heir. We suppose we should have to elect Mr. Lloyd George.

H. H. has invented a *new fire-escape*, and was never more surprised than when the officials at Southwark Bridge Road showed no anxiety to acquire the patent rights.

H. W. M. (Battersea) says a *laundry* has issued regulations forbidding the employees to take in any wearing apparel. We do not suppose this applies to wearing apparel actually in use.

H. R. (Buckley) went to the railway station there to go by train. The *booking office* was opened only two minutes before the departure of the train, and by the time H. R. and his friends had taken their tickets, the train had gone off. Then the stationmaster arrived and they asked him why this had happened. He simply said, "I don't know. I was not here."

J. S. B. (Haymarket) says *Bernard Shaw wrote Shakespeare's plays*. In proof of this he quotes the following lines:

"The foam-capped beers, the rum from molasses,
The dry-gin cocktails, the high-ball itself,
Yea, all within a toper doth dissolve.
And, with insubstantial vision doubled,
Leave him a wreck in mind. 'Tis of such stuff
Snake-dreams are made on, when our little sprces
Are rounded with a sleep."

C. A. S. (Rangoon) asks us for advice as to the best *books* to study in order to gain "a clear and comprehensive idea of the various forms of governments, parliaments and parliamentary procedure; on politics, fiscal systems and all the meanings of such words as Tory, Whig, Radical, Liberal Democrat, etc." The obvious answer is an annual subscription to JOHN BULL.

"NORTHERN TERROR."—After Monday it will be too late to apply. Hustle along.

[We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.]

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Double U. L." of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY and "Maggie" of THE GLOBE.)

Medley.

How strange it is that season after season we seem to go on backing the same "bogey" horses which have lost us so much before.

Racing has a very bad name by reason of certain of its followers, but they are not the racing people, and the black sheep of sport would be just the same following something else.

No end of backers do not trouble about the horses, but they back the jockeys.

The owner, as usual, suffers.

A great number of small handicaps and selling plates at certain meetings, particularly in the Midlands, have not filled of late, and needed to be re-opened, the reason being that the executive were too greedy. It is not fair to stipulate for 12 or 15 entries for a paltry valued race, especially as there is no limit to the other side—viz., the number that will be accepted. Thus, if an owner puts his horse in a race and becomes liable for the entry fee, taking whatever risks there are, the race ought to stand and the benefit be his if there are only two nominations, just as much as it is to stand against him if, as we often see, there are 50!

Prophetic.

The rest of the week will seem very tame after the Cesarewitch. On his Kempton form PROTESTANT BOY looks like winning the Heath Plate to-day (Thursday). At Lingfield

ANCHORA

appears to be the usual Saturday good thing in the Pheasant Handicap. He may not be run under the weight, but if he does BLACK SEA will be trying and perhaps beat the very bad lot in the Westerham Welter. FERAMORZ would take the Non-Stayers' Plate.

"The Good Thing."

The race for "Northern Terrors" finishes Monday. Get on before then.



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